



*Joannis Miltoni Effigies Aetat: 62*  
1670.



*Joannis Miltoni Effigies Aetat: 62*  
1670.

# Paradise Lost.

A

# POEM,

*In Twelve Books.*

---

The AUTHOR

*J O H N M I L T O N.*

---

The EIGHTH EDITION, Adorn'd  
with SCULPTURES.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn*  
Gate next *Grays-Inn Lane*. 1707.

---



---

To the Right Honourable

*John* Lord *Sommers*,  
Baron of *Evesham*.

My LORD,

**I**T was Your Lordship's Opinion and Encouragement that occasion'd the First Appearing of this Poem in the *Folio* Edition, which from thence has been so well receiv'd, that notwithstanding the Price of it was Four times greater than before, the Sale encreas'd double the Number every

ry Year. The Work is now generally known and esteem'd; and I having the Honour to hear Your Lordship say, that a smaller Edition of it would be grateful to the World, immediately resolv'd upon Printing it in this Volume, of which I most humbly beg Your Acceptance, from,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordship's*

*ever Obliged Servant.*

I N

# Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetae

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

**Q**UI legis *Amisſam Paradisum, grandia magni  
Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?  
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,  
Et fata, & fines continet iſte liber.*

*Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,  
Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.*

*Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum  
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammi-vomumque specus.  
Quæque colunt terras, Portumque & Tartara cæca,  
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna Poli.*

*Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,  
Et ſine fine Chaos, & ſine fine Deus:*

*Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,  
In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.*

*Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futurum?  
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.*

*O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!  
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba.*

*Cæleſtes acies! atque in certamine Cælum!  
Et quæ Cæleſtes pugna deceret agros!*

*Quantus*

Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!  
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelē minor!  
Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris  
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!  
Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,  
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:  
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
Et metuit pugna non superesse suæ.  
At simul in cœlis Messia insignina fulgent,  
Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,  
Horrendumque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum  
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco  
Admistis flammis insonuere Polo:  
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis  
Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.  
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu forte Orcus asylum  
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.  
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii  
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.  
Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit  
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

S. B. M. D.

On

---

---

## On *Paradise Lost*.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,  
*Messiah* Crown'd, God's Reconcil'd Decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument  
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,  
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song.  
(So *Sampson* groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)  
The World o'erwhelming to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;  
Through that wide Field how he his way should find,  
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;  
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
And by ill imitating would excell)  
Might hence presume the whole Creation's day  
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.

Thou

Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,  
And all that was improper dost omit:  
So that no room is here for Writers left,  
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign  
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.  
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
At once delight and horror on us seize,  
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;  
And above humane flight dost soar aloft  
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing  
So never flaggs, but always keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?  
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?  
Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite  
Rewards with Prophecie thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy Readers to allure  
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure;  
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,  
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:  
Their Fancies like our Bushy-points appear,  
The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
I too transported by the Mode offend,  
And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend  
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,  
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

*Andrew Marvell.*

T H E

---

---

# THE VERSE.

**T**HE Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have express'd them. Not without cause therefore some, both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight;

light; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

---

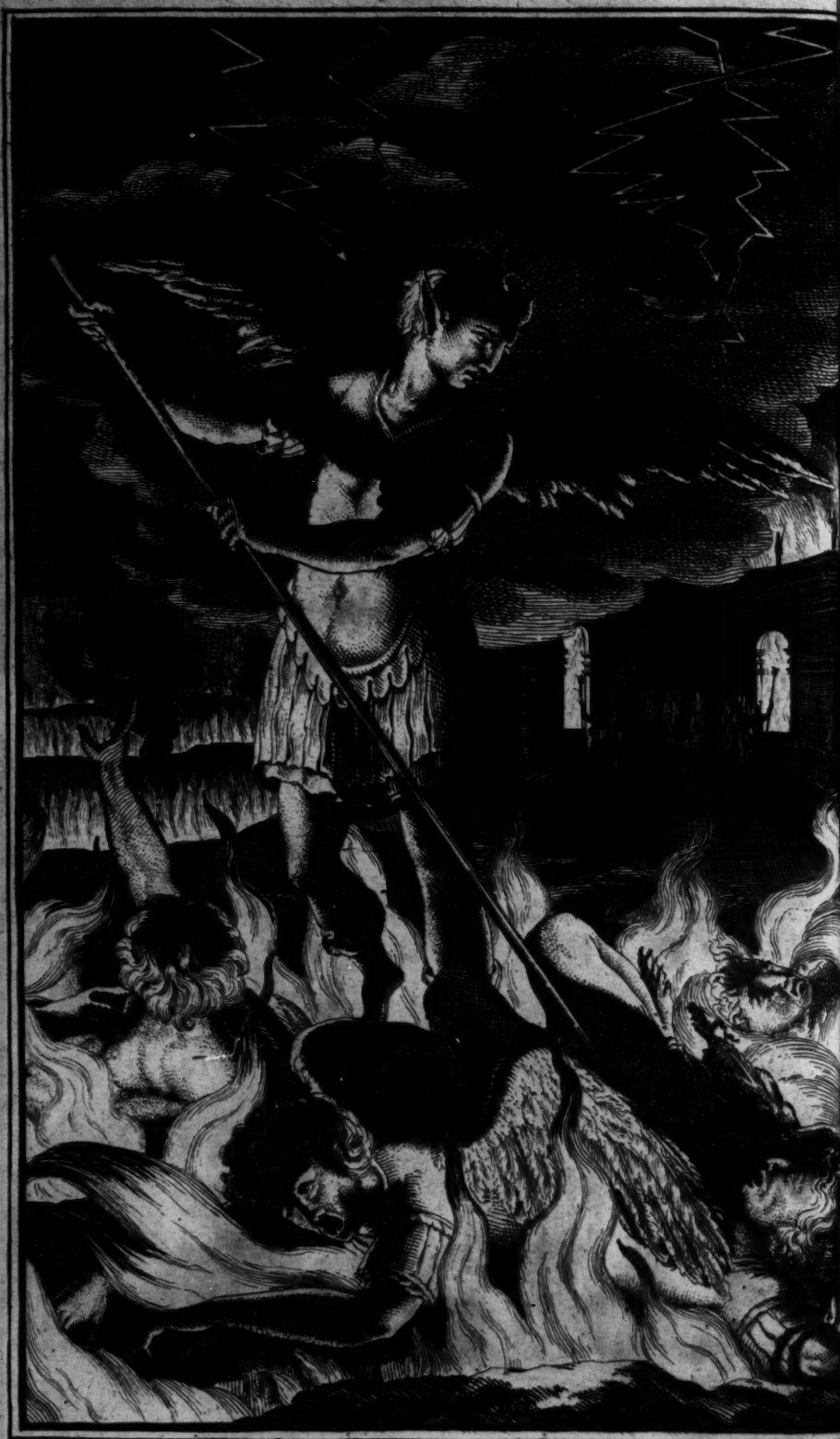
Paradise

it  
ly  
in  
a-  
ry  
of  
gh  
at  
he  
to  
rn

se

118A





# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK I.

### The ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject. *Man's Disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime Cause of his Fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the Command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which Action pass'd over, the Poem halts into the midst of Things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a Place of utter Darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his*

B

*Angels*

*Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain Space recovers, as from Confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable Fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay 'till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, their Numbers, Array of Battel, their chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with Hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the Opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the Truth of this Prophecy, and what to determine thereon he refers to a full Council. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Council.*



**O**F Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit  
 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast  
 Brought Death into the World and all our woe,  
 With loss of *Eden*, 'till one greater Man  
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
 Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
 Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire  
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
 Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion* Hill  
 Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd  
 Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
 Invoke thy Aid to my adventrous Song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure,

Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty Wings out-spread  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyſs  
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That to the highth of this great Argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view  
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,  
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From their Creatour, and transgress his Will  
For one Restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile  
Stirr'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host  
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious Aim,

Against

Against the Throne and Monarchy of God  
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain Attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie,  
With hideous ruine and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.  
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulf  
Confounded though immortal: But his Doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him; round he throughs his baleful eyes  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
At once as far as Angels ken he views  
The dismal Situation waste and wild,  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such Place Eternal Justice had prepar'd  
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their Portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
As from the Center thrice to th'utmost Pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd  
*Beelzebub*. To whom th'Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd *Satan*, with bold Words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! How chang'd  
From him, who in the happy Realms of light  
Cloath'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine  
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual League,  
United

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
In equal ruin: Into what Pit thou see'st  
From what heighth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his Thunder: And 'till then who knew  
The Force of those dire Arms? Yet not for those,  
Nor what the Potent Victor in his Rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind  
And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,  
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce Contention brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
That durst dislike his Reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
And shook his Throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; th' unconquerable Will,  
And study of Revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
That Glory never shall his wrath or might

Extort from me. To bow and sue for Grace  
With suppliant Knee, and deifie his Power,  
Who from the Terror of this Arm so late  
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath  
This Downfal; since by Fate the Strength of Gods  
And this Empyrean Substance cannot fail,  
Since through Experience of this great Event  
In Arms not worse, in Foresight much advanc'd,  
We may with more successful Hope resolve  
To wage by Force or Guile Eternal Warr  
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of Joy  
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th'Apostate Angel, though in Pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep Despair:  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
That led th'imbattell'd Seraphim to Warr  
Under thy Conduct, and in dreadful Deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,  
And put to Proof his high Supremacy,  
Whether upheld by Strength, or Chance, or Fate,

Too

Too well I see and rue the dire Event,  
That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat  
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host  
In horrible Destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences  
Can perish: For the Mind and Spirit remains  
Invincible, and Vigour soon returns,  
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy State  
Here swallow'd up in endless Misery.  
But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now  
Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'er-pow'red such Force as ours)  
Have left us this our Spirit and Strength entire  
Strongly to suffer and support our Pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful Ire,  
Or do him mightier Service as his thralls  
By Right of War, whate'er his Business be  
Here in the Heart of Hell to work in Fire,  
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;  
What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
Strength undiminish't, or Eternal Being  
To undergo Eternal Punishment?  
Whereto with speedy Words the Arch-Fiend reply'd.

Fall'n

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or Suffering: But of this be sure,  
To do ought good never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find Means of evil;  
Which oftentimes may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost Counsels from their destin'd aim.  
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The sulphurous Hail  
Shot after us in Storm, o'er-blown hath laid  
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,  
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seeft

Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild,  
The Seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery Waves,  
There rest, if any Rest can harbour there,  
And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our Enemy, our own Loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire Calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,  
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest Mate  
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
Prone on the Floud, extended long and large  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the Fables name of monst'rous size,  
*Titanian*, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briareos* or *Typhon*, whom rhe Den  
By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream :

Him

Him haply slumb'ring on the *Norway* foam  
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind  
Moors by his Side under the Lee, while Night  
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:  
So stretch't out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,  
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence  
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heav'n  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
His mighty Stature; on each hand the Flames  
Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and rowl'd  
In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.  
Then with expanded Wings he steers his flight  
Aloft,

Aloft, incumbant on the dusky Air  
That felt unusual weight, 'till on dry Land  
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;  
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill  
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
Of thunder'ng *Ætna*, whose combustible  
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving Fire,  
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoak: Such Resting found the Soal  
Of unblest't feet. Him follow'd bis next Mate,  
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the *Stygian* flood  
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
Not by the Sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the Seat  
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom  
For that Celestial Light? Be it so, since he  
Who now is Sov'rain can dispose and bid  
What shall be right: fardest from him is best  
Whom Reason hath equall'd, Force hath made supream  
Above

Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields  
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrors, hail  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new Possessour: One who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
The mind is its own place, and in its self  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
Here we may reign secure, and in my Choice  
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:  
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful Friends,  
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,  
Lye thus astonish't on th' oblivious Pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more  
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet  
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?

So

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*  
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extreames, and on the perillous edge  
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New Courage and revive, though now they lye  
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,  
As we e'erwhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious heighth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superiour Fiend  
Was moving toward the shoar; his pond'rous shield  
Ethereal temper, massie, large and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad Circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
Through Optick Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views  
At Ev'ning from the Top of *Fesole*,  
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,  
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.  
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills, to be the Mast

OF

Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasie steps  
Over the burning Marl, not like those Steps  
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire;  
Nathless he so endur'd, 'till on the Beach  
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd  
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay entrans't  
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
In *Vallombrosa*, where th'*Etrurian* shades  
High over-arch'd embowr; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
*Busiris* and his *Memphian* Chivalry,  
While with perfidious Hatred they pursu'd  
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
From the safe Shoar their floating Carkases  
And broaken Chariot Wheels; so thick bestrown  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Floud,  
Under Amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
Warriours, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,

If

If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
After the toyl of Battel to repose  
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
Cherub and Seraph rowling in the Flood  
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, 'till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern  
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abash't, and up they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouze and bestir themselves e'er well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to their General's Voice they soon obey'd  
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
Of *Amram's* Son in *Ægypt's* evil day

Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
That o'er the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung  
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;  
'Till, as a signal giv'n, th'up-lifted Spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even ballance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons  
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.  
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms  
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,  
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on Thrones;  
Though of their Names in Heav'nly Records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd

By their Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*  
Got them new Names, 'till wand'ring o'er the Earth,  
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
By falsities and lyes the greatest part  
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and th' invisible  
Glory of him that made them, to transform  
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities;  
Then were they known to Men by various Names,  
And various Idols through the Heathen World.  
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,  
At their great Emperors call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?  
The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
Among the Nations round, and durst abide

*Jehovah* thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy Rites and solemn Feasts prophan'd,  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
Though for the noise of Drums and Timbrels loud  
Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire  
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*  
Worshipp'd in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,  
In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream  
Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build  
His Temple right against the Temple of God  
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove  
The pleasant Vally of *Hinnon*, *Tophet* thence  
And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.  
Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moab's* Sons  
From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the wild  
Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*

And

And *Horonaim*, *Seon's* Realm, beyond  
The flow'ry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,  
And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.  
*Peor* his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;  
'Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who from the bordring flood  
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general Names  
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those Male,  
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
Not ty'd or manac'd with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse  
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their airy purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook  
Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low  
Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear  
Of dispicable foes. With these in troop  
Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd  
*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;  
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon  
*Sidonian* Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,  
In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood  
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,  
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell  
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate  
In am'rous ditties all a Summer's day,  
While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock  
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
Infected *Sion's* daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch

*Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led  
His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries  
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off  
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,  
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man  
And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast  
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,  
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil banks  
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was bold:  
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Ahaz* his fortish Conquerour, whom he drew  
God's Altar to disparage and displace  
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn  
His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods  
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd  
A crew who under Names of old Renown,

*Osiris, Isis, Orus*, and their Train,  
With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd  
Fanatick *Ægypt* and her Priests, to seek  
Their wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* 'scape  
Th' infection, when their borrow'd Gold compos'd  
The Calf in *Oreb*; and the Rebel King  
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,  
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
From *Ægypt* marching, equall'd with one stroke  
Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.  
*Belial* came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood  
Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft than he  
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest  
Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd  
With lust and violence the house of God?  
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns  
And in luxurious Cities, where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest Towers,  
And injury and outrage: And when Night

Dark-

Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons  
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night  
In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door  
Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape.  
These were the prime in order and in might;  
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan's* Issue held  
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth  
Their boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'n's first-born,  
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd  
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;  
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Crete*  
And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top  
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air  
Their highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,  
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds  
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old  
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,  
And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
Obscure

Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast  
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd  
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his right, a Cherub tall:  
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd  
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd  
Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
With Gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd  
Seraphic Arms and Trophies; all the while  
Sonerous metal blowing Martial Sounds:  
At which the universal Host up sent  
A shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond  
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
With orient Colours waving: with them rose

A Forest huge of Spears; and thronging Helms  
Appear'd, and ferried Shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move  
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood  
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd  
To height of noblest temper Hero's old  
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
Breathing united force with fixed thought  
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soyl; and now  
Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise  
Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
Had to impose: He through the armed Files  
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
The whole Battalion views, their order due,  
Their

Their visages and stature as of Gods,  
Their number last he summs. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories: For never since created man,  
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by Cranes; though all the Giant brood  
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroick Race were join'd  
That faught at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In Fable or Romance of *Uther's* Son  
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;  
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,  
*Damasco*, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,  
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shoar  
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell  
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a Tow'r; his Form had yet not lost  
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd

Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n  
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclipse, disastrous Twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of Change  
Perplexes Monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
Sate on his faded cheek, but under Brows  
Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate Pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
Their Glory wither'd. As when Heaven's Fire  
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,  
With singed top their stately growth though bare  
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd

To

To speak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of Scorn,  
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change  
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of Gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?  
For me be witness all the Host of Heav'n,  
If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, 'till then as one secure

Sate on his Throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his Regal State  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provok't; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so ripe  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he e'er long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th'Abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,  
For who can think submission? War then, War

Open

Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake; and to confirm his words out-flew  
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms  
Clash'd on their sounding Shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far, whose grisly Top  
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hard metallick Ore,  
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
A numerous brigad hasten'd. As when Bands  
Of Pioneers with Spade and Pickax arm'd  
Fore-run the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,  
*Mammon*, the least erected Spirit that fell  
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodd'n Gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatifick: by him first

Men

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ranack'd the Center, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the Hill a spacious wound,  
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings  
Learn how their greatest Monuments of Fame,  
And Strength and Art are easily out-done  
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toyle  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous Art found out the massy Ore,  
Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross:  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,

D

As

As in an Organ from one blast of Wind  
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.  
Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge  
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a Temple where *Pilasters* round  
Were set, and Doric Pillars overlaid  
With golden Architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,  
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,  
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence  
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
*Belus* or *Serapis* their Gods, or seat  
Their Kings when *Aegypt* with *Assyria* strove  
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fixt her stately heighth, and streight the doors  
Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide  
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arched roof,  
Pendent by subtle Magic, many a row  
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed,  
With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yielded light  
As from a Sky. The hasty multitude

Admiring

Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
And some the Architect: his hand was known  
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
Where Sceptred Angels held their residence,  
And fate as Princes, whom the supreme King  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* Land  
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell  
From Heav'n, they fabl'd thrown by angry *Jove*  
Sheer o'er the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn  
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
A Summer's day; and with the setting Sun  
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,  
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* Isle: thus they relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
T'have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape  
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent  
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.  
Mean while the winged Heralds by command  
Of Sov'reign Pow'r, with awful Ceremony

And Trumpets found throughout the Host proclaim  
A solemn Council forthwith to be held  
At *Pandemonium*, the high Capital  
Of Satan and his Peers: their summons call'd  
From every Band and squared Regiment  
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates  
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall  
(Though like a cover'd Field, where Champions bold  
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's Chair  
Defi'd the best of *Panim* Chivalry  
To mortal Combat, or carriere with Lance)  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling Wings. As Bees  
In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,  
Pour forth their populous youth about the Hive  
In clusters; they among fresh Dews and Flowrs  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
The Suburb of their Straw-built Cittadel,  
New rubb'd with Baum, expatiate and confer  
Their State affairs. So thick the aery crowd  
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n.

Behold

Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant Sons  
Now less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race  
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faery Elves,  
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forest side  
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon  
Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund Music charm his Ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the Hall  
Of that infernal Court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,  
In close recess and secret conclave sat  
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great Consult began.

*The End of the First Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

## B O O K II.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophecy or Tradition in Heaven concerning another World, and another kind of Creature, equal, or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their Chief undertakes alone the Voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several imployments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time 'till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.*

HIGH



o-  
of  
d  
to  
in  
er  
to  
ir  
:  
e,  
us  
to  
ad  
He  
m  
m  
he  
at  
he  
w  
H



B  
I  
O  
Sh  
Sa  
T  
T  
Be  
V  
H  
  
Fo  
Im  
I g  
Co  
M  
An  
M  
D  
W  
H  
T

**H**IGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far  
Outshone the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,  
*Satan* exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain War with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulph can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:  
Me though just right, and the fix'd Laws of Heav'n  
Did first create your Leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, in Council or in Fight,  
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more

Establish'd in a safe unenvied Throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferiour; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim  
Your bulwark, and condemns the greatest share  
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
Whether of open War or covert guile,  
We now debate; who can advise may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloch*, sceptred King  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair:

His

His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,  
He reck'd not; and these words hereafter spake:

My sentence is for open War: of Wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now;  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait  
The Signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here  
Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling place  
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,  
The Prison of his Tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? no, let us rather chuse,  
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once  
O'er Heav'ns high Towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms  
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his Almighty Engine he shall hear  
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self

Mixt

Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented Torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetfull Lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken Rere  
Insulting and pursu'd us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;  
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction: if their be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from Bliss, condemn'd  
In this abhorred Deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour

Calls

Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd than thus  
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost Ire? which to the height enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being:  
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:  
Which, if not Victory, is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous  
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose  
*Belial*, in act more gracefull and humane;  
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:  
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue  
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better Reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest

Maturest Counsels: for his Thoughts were low;  
To Vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds  
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the Ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open War, O Peers!  
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd  
Main reason to persuade immediate War,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:  
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what Revenge? The Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd  
With armed Watch, that render all access  
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp their Legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest Infurrection, to confound  
Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemy

All incorruptible would on his Throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould  
 Incapable of stain would soon expell  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity;  
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
 Can give it, or will ever; how he can  
 Is doubtfull; that he never will is sure.  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through Impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his Enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?  
 Say they who counsel War, we are decreed,  
 All Reserv'd,

Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires  
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
And plunge us in the flames? or from above  
Should intermitted Veng'ance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament  
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery Tempest shall be hurl'd  
Each on his Rock transfixt, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;

There

There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,  
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.  
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's height  
All these our motions vain sees and derides;  
Not more Almighty to resist our might  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n  
thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains and Torments? better these than worse  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent Decree,  
The Victor's Will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust  
That so ordains: This was at first resolv'd  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtfull what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure

Exile,

Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their Conqu'ror: This is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our supreme Foe in time may much remit  
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd  
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd  
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires  
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their Flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of Pain;  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in Reason's garb  
Counfel'd ignoble ease, and peacefull sloth,  
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n  
We war, if war be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
May hope when everlasting Fate shall yield  
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:  
The former vain to hope argues as vain  
The latter: for what place can be for us  
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord suprem  
We overpower? Suppose he should relent  
And publish Grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne  
With warbled Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc'd Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits  
Our envi'd Sov'reign, and his Altar breathes  
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state

E

Of

Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easie yoke  
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
We can create, and in what place so e'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and indurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,  
And with the Majesty of darkness round  
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his Light  
Imitate when we please? This desert foil  
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gems and Gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?  
Our torments also may in length of time

Become

Become our Elements, these piercing Fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Sea-faring men o'rewatch'd, whose Bark by chance  
Or Pinace anchors in a craggy Bay  
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard  
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace: For such another Field  
They dreaded worse than Hell: So much the feat  
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*  
Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
To found this nether Empire, which might rise  
By policy, and long process of time,

In emulation oppolite to Heav'n.  
Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, than whom,  
*Satan* except, none higher fat, with grave  
Aspect he rofe, and in his rifing feem'd  
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven  
Deliberation fat and public Care;  
And Princely counfel in his face yet fhone,  
Majeflic though in ruin: fage he flood  
With *Atlantean* foulders fit to bear  
The weight of mighty Monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention ftill at Night  
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he fpake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-fpring of heav'n  
Ethereal Vertues; or thefe Titles now  
Muft we renounce, and changing ftile be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for fo the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
A growing Empire; doubtlefs; while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon, not our fafe retreat  
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heav'ns high jurifdiction, in new League  
Banded againft his Throne, but to remain

In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude: For he, be sure,  
In heighth or depth, still first and last will Reign  
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule  
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.  
What fit we then projecting Peace and War?  
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what Peace will be giv'n  
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return?  
But to our power hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no Assault or Siege,

Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another World, the happy seat  
Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their Power,  
And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd  
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire  
To waft his whole Creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,

The

The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our Joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling Sons  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail Original, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*  
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
But from the Author of all ill could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spight  
The great Creatour? But their spight still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spite of Fate,  
Nearer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring  
And opportune excursion we may chance (Arms  
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild Zone  
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair Light  
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam  
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,  
To heal the scar of these corrosive Fires  
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send  
In search of this new world, whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight  
Upborn with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive  
The happy Isle; what strength, what art can then  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick

Of

Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection, and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt: But all sat mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In others count'nance read his own dismay  
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime  
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found  
So hardy as to proffer or accept  
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
*Satan*, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,  
With reason hath deep silence and demurr  
Seis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;  
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,  
Outragious to devour, immures us round

Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant  
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
These past, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being,  
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he scape into whatever world,  
Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,  
And this Imperial Sov'reignty, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honour'd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease

The

The present misery, and render Hell  
More tollerable; if their be cure or charm  
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch  
Against the wakeful Foe, while I abroad  
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize  
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd  
Others among the chief might offer now  
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
Nor fail'd they to expresse how much they prais'd,  
That for the general safety he despis'd

His

His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnish o're with zeal.  
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoicing in their matchless Chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'er-spread  
Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring Element  
Scowls o're the dark'nd lantskipt Snow, or showre;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and vally rings.  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levie cruel wars,  
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,

That

That day and night for his destruction wait.

The *Stygian* Counsel thus dissolv'd; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd  
Alone th'Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
Than Hell's dread Emperour with pomp supream,  
And God-like imitated State; him round  
A Globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd  
With bright imblazonry, and horrent Arms.  
Then of their Session ended they bid cry  
With Trumpets regal sound the great result:  
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to their mouths the founding Alchymie  
By Heralds Voice explain'd; the hollow Abyss  
Heard far and wide, and all the Host of Hell  
With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.  
Thence more at ease their minds, and some what rais'd  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksom hours, till this great Chief return.

Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,  
As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;  
Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.  
As when to warn proud Cities war appears  
Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush  
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
Prick forth the Aery Knights, and couch their Spears  
Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms  
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
Others with vast *Typhæan* rage more fell  
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots *Theſſalian* Pines,  
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw  
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more mild,  
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing  
With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
Their own Heroic deeds and hapleſs fall  
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate

Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
Their Song was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)  
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)  
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,  
Fixt Fate, free Will, Foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,  
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophy:  
Yet with a pleasing forcery could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th'obdurate breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands,  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend

Four ways their flying March, along the Banks  
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge  
Into the burning Lake their baleful streams;  
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,  
Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep;  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of lamentation loud  
Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
*Lethe* the River of Oblivion rolls  
Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog  
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,  
Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air  
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed furies hail'd,

At

At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,  
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
 their soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* terrour guards  
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
 All tast of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of *Tantalus*, Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn th' adventrous Bands  
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary Vale  
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,

O'er many a Frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of  
A Universe of death, which God by curse (death,  
Created evil, for evil only good,  
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
*Gorgons* and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,  
*Satan* with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,  
Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell  
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes  
He scoures the right hand coast, sometimes the left  
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars  
Up to the fiery Concave trowning high.  
As when far off at Sea a Fleet descry'd  
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds  
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles  
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring  
Their spicy Drugs: they on the Trading Floud  
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape  
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd

Far

Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear  
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,  
 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,  
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,  
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd  
 With Mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd  
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea that parts  
*Calabria* from the hoarse *Trinacrian* shore:  
 Nor uglier fellow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon

Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head  
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.  
*Satan* was now at hand, and from his seat  
The Monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;  
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,  
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:  
Retire, or tast thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,

Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he,  
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then  
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons  
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both thou  
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
To waste Eternal days in woe and pain?  
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,  
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
Lest with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grievly terrour, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold  
More dreadfull and deform: on th' other side  
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood  
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge  
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes Pestilence and War. Each at the Head

Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds  
With Heav'n's Artill'ry fraught, come rattling on  
Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front  
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the Signal blow  
To joyn their dark Encounter in mid air:  
So frown'd the mighty Combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the Snaky Sorceress that sat  
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy Hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only Son? What Fury O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart  
Against thy Father's Head? and know'st for whom;  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,  
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy Words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends? till first I know of thee,  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st  
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son;  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T'whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th'Assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
Then shining Heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd

Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd  
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd affraid  
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign  
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
I pleas'd, and with attractive Graces won  
The most adverse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
Becam'st inamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing Burthen. Mean while war arose,  
And fields were faught in Heav'n; wherein remain'd  
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
Clear Victory, to our part loss and rout  
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this Deep, and in the gen'ral fall  
I also; at which time this powerful Key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.

At

At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy  
Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;  
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.  
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,  
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,  
Me overtook his Mother all dismay'd,  
And in embraces forcible and foul  
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me, for when they list into the Womb  
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
My Bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
A fresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim

Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his Parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter Morfel, and his bane,  
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
To be invuln'able in those bright Arms,  
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know  
I come no enemy, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host  
Of Spirits that in our just pretences arm'd  
Fell with us from on high: from them I go

This

This uncouth Errand sole, and one for all  
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread  
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
To search with wandring quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now  
Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd  
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Left Heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught  
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.  
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd  
His Mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire:

The

The Key of this infernal Pit by due,  
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.  
But what owe I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,  
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born,  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou  
My Being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;

And

And towards the Gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew  
Which but her self, not all the *Stygian* powers  
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate Wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
Of massie Iron or solid Rock with ease  
Unfastens: On a sudden open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her power; the Gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a banner'd Host  
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through  
With Horse and Chariots rank'd in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.  
Before their Eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable Ocean without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night  
And *Chaos*, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eter-

Eternal *Anarchy*, amidst the noise  
Of endless Wars, and by confusion stand.  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce  
Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battel bring  
Their embryon Atoms; they around the Flag  
Of each his Faction, in their sev'ral Clans,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, un-nubred as the Sands  
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,  
Levi'd to side with warring Winds, and poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
He rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray  
By which he reigns: next him high Arbiter  
*Chance* governs all. Into this wild Abyss,  
The Womb of Nature and perhaps her Grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shoar, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th'Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,

Pond'ring

Pond'ring his Voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,  
With all her battering Engines bent to rase  
Some Capital City; or less than if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements  
In mutiny had from her Axle torn  
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League  
As in a cloudy Chair, ascending rides  
Audacious, but that feat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity: all unawares  
Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,  
Quencht in a Boggy *Syrtis*, neither Sea,  
Nor good dry Land: nigh founder'd on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,

Half

Half flying; behooves him now both Oar and Sail.  
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness  
With winged course o'er Hill or moary Dale,  
Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,  
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:  
At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
Born through the hollow dark assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,  
Undaunted to meet there whatever power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him enthron'd  
Sate Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood  
*Orchus*, and *Ades*, and the dreaded name

Of

Of *Demogorgon*; *Rumor* next and *Chance*,  
And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroil'd,  
And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyſs,  
*Chaos* and *ancient Night*, I come no Spy,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The ſecrets of your Realm; but by constraint  
Wandering this darkſom Deſart, as my way,  
Lies through your ſpacious Empire up to light,  
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek  
What readieſt path leads where your gloomie bounds  
Confine with Heav'n; or if ſome other place  
From your Dominion won, th' *Ethereal King*  
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive  
I travel this profound, direct my courſe;  
Directed no mean recompence it brings  
To your behoof, if I that Region loſt,  
All *Uſurpation* thence expell'd, reduce  
To her original darkneſs and your ſway  
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more  
Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night*;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

G

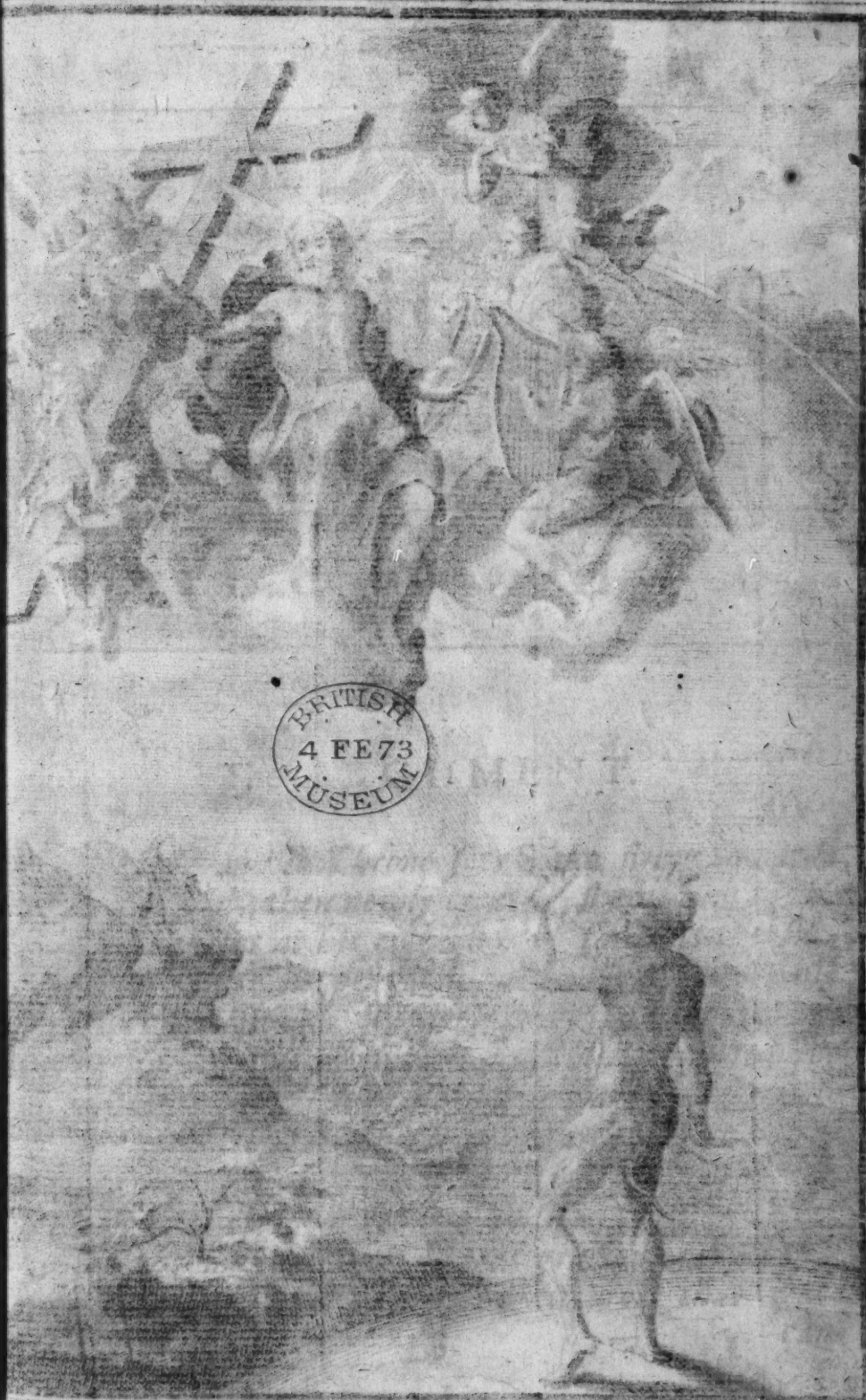
Thus

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old  
With fault'ring speech and visage incompas'd  
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.  
I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious Bands  
Pursuing. I upon my Frontiers here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,  
That little which is left so to defend,  
Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles,  
Weakning the Sceptre of old *Night*: first Hell  
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another World  
Hung o'er my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain  
To that side Heav'n from whence our Legions fell:  
If that may be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;  
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply,  
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd  
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset  
And more endanger'd, than when *Argo* pass'd  
Through *Bosporus* betwixt the jutting Rocks:  
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd  
*Charibdis*, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.  
So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;  
But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n;  
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way  
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf  
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wond'rous length  
From Hell continu'd reaching the utmost Orbe  
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse  
With easie intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom

God and good Angels guard by special grace.  
 But now at last the sacred influence  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and *Chaos* to retire  
 As from her utmost works a brok'n foe  
 With tumult less and with less hostile din,  
 That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease  
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light  
 And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds  
 Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;  
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air;  
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
 Far off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide  
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round.  
 With Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd  
 Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat;  
 And fast by hanging in a golden Chain  
 This pendant world, in bigness as a Star  
 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.  
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
 Accurst, and in a curst hour he hies.

*The End of the Second Book.*



BRITISH  
4 FE 73  
MUSEUM



---



---

# Paradise Lost.

---

## B O O K III.

---

### The ARGUMENT.

*God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting Mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter: yet declares his purpose of Grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc'd. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace*

cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this World's outermost Orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since call'd The Lymbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God hath plac'd here, enquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates

Hail

**H**Ail holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose Fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,  
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
With other notes than to th' *Orphean* Lyre  
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov'reign vital Lamp; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quencht their Orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunny Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred Song; but chief  
Thee *Sion* and thy flowrie Brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Maenides*,  
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair  
Presented with an universal Blanck  
Of Natures works to me expung'd and ras'd,  
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou Celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High Thron'd above all heighth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:  
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n  
Stood thick as Stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance: on his right  
The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
His only Son; On Earth he first beheld  
Our two first Parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love

In

In blisful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
Firm Land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotton Son, see'st thou what rage  
Transports our Adversary, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not far off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,

By

By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,  
For Man will hark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience; So will fall,  
He and his faithless Progeny: Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,  
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,  
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,  
Not me. They therefore as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their maker, or their making, or their Fate,  
As if Predestination over-rul'd

Their

Their will, dispos'd by absolute Decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
'Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high Decree  
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd  
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,  
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excell,  
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:

Be-

Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
Substantially express'd, and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure Grace;  
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find grace;  
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joyn'd  
With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplisht, and to Hell

Draw

Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self  
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely vouchsaf; once more I will renew  
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe,  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace

Elect

Elect above the rest: so is my will:  
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace  
Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soft'n stony hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide  
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,  
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
Against the high Supremacy of Heav'n,  
Affecting God-head, and so losing all,

To

To expiate his Treason hath naught left;  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He with his whole posterity must die;  
Die he or Justice must; unless for him  
Some other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say Heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love;  
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save,  
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n: on man's behalf  
Patron or Intercessor none appear'd,  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,

To

To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unfought,  
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:  
Behold me then, me for him, life for life  
I offer, on me let thine anger fall;  
Account me man; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquish't: thou hast giv'n me to possess  
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due  
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soul  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoile;  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.  
I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the fight  
Pleas'd, out of Heav'n shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd  
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd  
And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, or whither tend  
Wond'ring; but soon th'Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only Peace  
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou

My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By losing thee a while, the whole Race lost.  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,  
Their Nature also to thy Nature joyn;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adam's* room  
The Head of all mankind, though *Adam's* Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee  
As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
His crime makes guilty all his Sons, thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So Heav'nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate

Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Man's Nature, less'n or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
By Merit more than Birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
Far more than Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King, all Power  
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supreme  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide

In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Winds  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
And after all their tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had th'Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd  
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent  
Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
Immortal Amarant, a Flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life  
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence  
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows.  
And flowers aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heav'n  
Rowls o'er *Elysian* Flours her Amber stream;  
With these that never fade the Spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon.  
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.  
Then Crown'd again their gold'n Harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side

Like

Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred Song, and waken raptures high;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joyn  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
 Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee  
 Impress'd the effulgence of his Glory abides,  
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

He Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook  
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o'er the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.  
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime  
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,  
Father of Mercy and Grace, thou didst not doome  
So strictly, but much more to pity encline:  
No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
Perceiv'd thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pity enclin'd,  
He to appease thy wrath, and end the Strife  
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
Regardless of the Bliss wherein he sat  
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
For man's offence. O unexempl'd love,  
Love no where to be found less than Divine!  
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
Shall

Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
From *Chaos* and th'inroad of Darkness old,  
*Satan* alighted walks: a Globe far off  
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms  
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement Skie,  
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n  
Though distant far some small reflection gains  
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,  
Whose snowy ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,  
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids  
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs  
Of

Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams;  
But in his way lights on the barren Plains  
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive  
With Sails and Wind their cany Waggon light:  
So on this windy Sea of Land, the Fiend  
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
Alone, for other Creature in this place  
Living or liveless to be found was none,  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew  
Of all things transitory and vain, when Sin  
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built their fond hopes of Glory or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or th' other life;  
All who have their reward on Earth, the fruits  
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, emptie as their deeds;  
All th' unaccomplisht works of Nature's hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here,

Not

Not in the neighb'ring Moon, as some have dream'd;  
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th'Angelical and Human kind:  
 Hither of ill-joyn'd Sons and Daughters born  
 First from the ancient World those Giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd;  
 The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
 Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain design  
 New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:  
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd  
 A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,  
*Empedocles*, and he who to enjoy  
*Plato's Elysium*, leap'd into the Sea,  
*Cleombrotus*, and many more too long,  
 Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friars  
 White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery.  
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,  
 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd;  
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,

And

Not

And that Cryſtalline Sphere whoſe ballance weighs  
The Trepidation talkt, and that firſt mov'd;  
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'n's Wicket ſeems  
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
Of Heav'n's aſcent they liſt their Feet, when loe  
A violent croſs wind from either Coaſt  
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand Leagues awry  
Into the devious Air; then might ye ſee  
Cowles, Hoods and Habits with their wearers toſt  
And flutter'd into Rags, then Reliques, Beads,  
Indulgences, Diſpences, Pardons, Bulls,  
The ſport of Winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly o'er the backſide of the World far off  
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, ſince call'd  
The Paradife of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;  
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he paſs'd,  
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleame  
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte  
His travell'd ſteps; far diſtant he deſcries  
Aſcending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heav'n a Structure high,  
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd

The

The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
With Frontispiece of Diamond and Gold  
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gems  
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Eſau* fled  
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,  
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
And waking cry'd, *This is the Gate of Heav'n*:  
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes  
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearl, whereon  
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the Lake  
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.  
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.  
Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
Just o'er the blisful seat of Paradise,

A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
Wider by far than that of after-times  
Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,  
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,  
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordan's* flood  
To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*  
Borders on *Egypt* and th' *Arabian* shore;  
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.  
*Satan* from hence now on the lower stair  
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout  
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen, or some renown'd Metropolis  
With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which

Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams.  
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heav'n seen,  
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
 At sight of all this World beheld so fair.  
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling Canopie  
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point  
 Of *Libra* to the fleecie Star that bears  
*Andromeda* far off *Atlantic* Seas  
 Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable Stars, that shon  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other Worlds,  
 Or other Worlds they seem'd, or happy Isles,  
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flowry Vales,  
 Thrice happy Isles, but who dwelt happy there  
 He stay'd not to enquire: above them all  
 The golden Sun in splendor likest Heav'n  
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends

Through

Through the calm Firmament; but up or down  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or Longitude, where the great Luminary  
Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from this Lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispences light from far; they as they move  
Their starry Dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months and years, towards his all-chearing Lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invifible virtue even to the deep;  
So wondrously was fet his Station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orb  
Through his glaz'd Optick Tube yet never faw.  
The place he found beyond expreffion bright,  
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
With radiant Light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
If metal, part feem'd Gold, part Silver clear;  
If ftone, Carbuncle moft or Chryfolite,

Rubic

Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
In *Aaron's* Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain, though by their powerful Art they binde  
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,  
Drain'd through a Limbec to his Native form.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run  
Potable Gold, when with one virtuous touch  
Th'Arch-chimic Sun so far from us remote  
Produces with Terrestrial Humour mixt  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazl'd, far and wide his eye commands,  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon  
Culminate from th'*Æquator*, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Air,

No where so clear, sharp'nd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
 The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings  
 Lay waving round; on some great charge imploy'd  
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandring flight  
 To Paradise the happy seat of Man,  
 His journies end and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay:  
 And now a stripling Cherube he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
 Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;  
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire  
 In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,

His

His Habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known  
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the heav'n  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his Throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accosts;

*Uriel*, for thou of those heav'n Spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright;  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring  
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;  
And here art likeliest by supream decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye  
To visit oft this new Creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man;  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd;

Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
 Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
 In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell;  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
 Or open admiration him behold  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powr'd;  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
 The Universal Maker we may praise;  
 Who justly hath driv'n out his Rebell Foes  
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
 Created this new happy Race of Men  
 To serve him better: wise are all his ways.

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;  
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
 Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:  
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's Gate, and to simplicitie  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill

Where

Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd  
*Uriel*, though Regent of the Sun, and held  
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foul  
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.  
Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorifie  
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither.  
From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contented with report hear only in Heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight,  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep.  
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
*Confusion* heard his voice, and wild uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;

Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung;  
Swift to their several Quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire,  
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course,  
The rest in circuit walls this Universe.  
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light  
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere  
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon  
(So call that opposite fair Star) her aid  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;  
With borrow'd light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,  
*Adam's* abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.

Thy

Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
 Thus said, he turn'd, and *Satan* bowing low,  
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
 Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,  
 Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

---

*The End of the Third Book.*

---

---

# Paradise Lost.

---



---

## B O O K IV,

---

### The ARGUMENT,

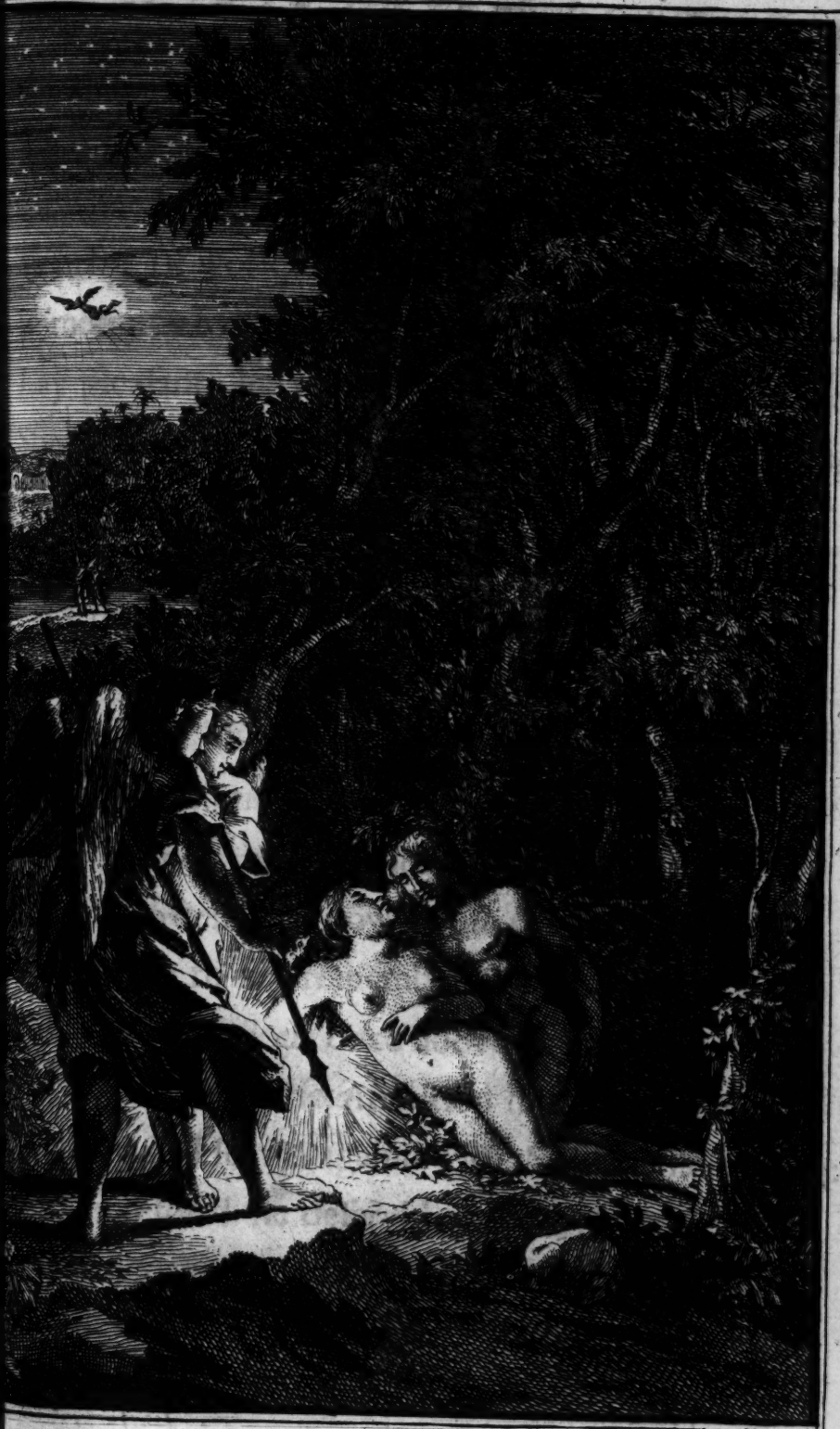
*Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despaire; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but*

*but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his Temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him e'er morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their Bower describ'd; their Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's Bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.*

O

O For that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Wo to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now,  
While time was, our first-Parents had been warn'd  
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd  
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
*Satan*, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The Tempter e'er the Accuser of man-kind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous breast,  
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles  
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts; and from the bottom stir  
The Hell within him, for within him Hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step no more than from himself can fly

By



J. Greuter del: H. Eland fec:



By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memorie  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue,  
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,  
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,  
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God  
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Stars  
Hide their diminisht heads: to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
O Sun, to tell thee now I hate thy beams  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare,  
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:  
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.

What

What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
 I'sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burthensome still paying, still to owe;  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharg'd; what Burden then?  
 O had his powerful Destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
 But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?

Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe,  
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I flie  
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despair?

Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep

Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.

O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?

None left but by submission: and that word  
*Disdain* forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,  
Under what torments inwardly I groane;

While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,  
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd

The lower still I fall, only Supream

In

In misery; such joy Ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent and could obtaine  
 By Act of Grace my former state; how soon  
 Would heighth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconcilment grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this World.  
 So farewell Hope, and with Hope farewell Fear,  
 Farewel Remorse: all Good to me is lost:  
 Evil be to thou my Good; by thee at least  
 Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reigne;  
 As Man e'er long, and this new World shall know.

Thus

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.  
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foule  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation smoothe'd with outward calme,  
Artificer of Fraud, and was the first  
That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceale, coucht with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
*Uriel* once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down  
The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.  
So on he fares, and to the border comes,  
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound the champain head  
Of a steep wilderness whose hairie sides  
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,

Access

Access deny'd; and over head up grew  
 Insuperable heighth of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,  
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung:  
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large  
 Into this neather Empire neighbouring round.  
 And higher than that Wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:  
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams  
 Than in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
 When God hath shew'd the earth; so lovely seem'd  
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings disperse  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile  
Beyond

Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past  
*Mozambic*, off at Sea North-East winds blow  
*Sabean* Odour from the spicie shore  
Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a League  
Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd  
Than *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse  
Of *Tobit's* Son, and with a vengeance sent  
From *Media* post to *Egypt*, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill  
*Satan* had journied on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of Man or Beast that past that way:  
One Gate there only was, and that look'd East  
On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,  
At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound  
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within

Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
 Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at eve  
 In hurdl'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the Fould:  
 Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash  
 Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,  
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;  
 So clomb this first grand Thief into God's Fould;  
 So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.  
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life  
 The middle Tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life  
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising Death  
 To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought  
 Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd  
 For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views

To all delight of human sense expos'd  
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A Heav'n on Earth, for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the Garden was, by him in the East  
 Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretch'd her Line  
 From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towns  
 Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,  
 Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before  
 Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile  
 His far more pleasant Garden God ordain'd;  
 Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow  
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit  
 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life  
 Our Death the Tree of knowledge grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through *Eden* went a River large,  
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown  
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd  
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,

Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the Garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now divided into four main Streams,  
Runs divers, wandering many a famous Realm  
And Country whereof here needs no account,  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that Sapphire Fount the crisped Brooks,  
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
With mazing error under pendant shades  
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art  
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
Pow'rd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plain,  
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade  
Imbround the noontide Bowers: Thus was this place,  
A happy rural seat of various view;  
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and  
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde  
Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:

Betwixt

Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmie hillock, or the flourie lap  
Of some irriguous vallèy spred her store,  
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:  
Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,  
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,  
Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The Birds their quire apply; aires, vernal aires,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while Universal *Pan*  
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance  
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that fair field  
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathering flours  
Her self a fairer Flour by gloomy *Dis*  
Was gather'd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain  
To seek her through the world; not that sweet Grove  
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd  
*Castalian* Spring, might with this Paradise

Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Isle  
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,  
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Lybian Jove*,  
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son  
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;  
Nor were *Abassin* Kings their issue Guard,  
Mount *Amara*, though this by some suppos'd  
True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line  
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,  
A whole days journey high, but wide remote  
From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend  
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange;  
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad  
In naked Majesty seem'd Lords of all,  
And worthy seem'd, for in their looks Divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shon,  
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure,  
Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd;  
Whence true authority in men: though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;  
For contemplation he and valour form'd,

For

For softness she and sweet attractive Grace,  
He for God only, she for God in him:  
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd  
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
She as a vail down to the slender waste  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd  
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,  
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
And banisht from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight  
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:

So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in loves embraces met,  
*Adam* the goodliest man of men since born  
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
They sat them down, and after no more toil  
Of their sweet Gardning labour than suffic'd  
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease  
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their Supper Fruits they fell,  
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes  
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:  
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rinde  
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream:  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
Fair couple, linkt in happy nuptial League,  
Alone as they. About them frisking plaid  
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wild, and of all chase  
In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;  
Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
Dandl'd

Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,  
 Gambol'd before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd  
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent fly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
 Coucht, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,  
 Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun  
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' Ocian Isles, and in th' ascending Scale  
 Of Heav'n the Stars that usher Evening rose:  
 When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh

Your

Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd  
Long to continue; and this high seat your Heav'n  
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne  
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,  
And mutual amity so streight, so close  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,  
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,

Honour

Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
 By conquering this new World, compels me now  
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
 The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
 Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
 Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn  
 By word or action markt: about them round  
 A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,  
 Then as a Tyger, who by chance hath spi'd  
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
 Grip'd in each paw: When *Adam* first of men  
 To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
 Dearer thy self then all; needs must the power

That

That made us, and for us this ample World  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite,  
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only Tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
 So near grows Death to Life, what e'er Death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that Tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferr'd upon us, and Dominion giv'n  
 Over all other Creatures that possess  
 Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
 On easie prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights:

But

But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
His bounty, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing Plants, and tend these Flours,  
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom  
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks, I cheifly who enjoy  
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
Præeminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd  
Under a shade of flours, much wondering where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread  
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear

Smooth

Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
 A Shape within the watry gleam appear'd  
 Bending to look on me, I started back,  
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love; there I had fixt  
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou see'st,  
 What there thou see'st fair Creature is thy self,  
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, he  
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseperably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human Race: What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a Platan, yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watry image; back I turn'd,  
 Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*

Whom

Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart  
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
 Seis'd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
 On our first Father, half her swelling Breast  
 Naked met his under the flowing Gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms  
 Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*  
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds  
 That shed *May* Flow'rs; and press'd her Marron lip  
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
Imparadis'd in one anothers arms  
The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy their fill  
Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust;  
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
Among our other torments not the least,  
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;  
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
From their own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:  
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,  
Forbidden them to taste; Knowledge forbidden?  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?  
Can it be death? and do they only stand  
By Ignorance, is that their happy state,  
The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
O fair foundation laid wheron to build  
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with design  
To keep them low whom Knowledge might exalt  
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?

But

But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n by Fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learnt. Live while ye may.  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with fly circumspection, and began (roam.  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his  
 Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n  
 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise  
 Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock  
 Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.  
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat  
 Chief of th'Angelic Guards, awaiting night;

L

About

About him exercis'd Heroic Games

Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
Celestial Armoury, Shields, Helms, and Spears,  
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.  
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven  
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Star  
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner  
From what point of his Compass to beware  
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

*Gabriel*, to thee thy course by Lot hath giv'n  
Charge and strict watch that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in;  
This day at height of Noon came to my Spheare  
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,  
God's latest Image: I describ'd his way  
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his Aerie Gate;  
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,  
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew

I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged Warriour thus return'd:  
*Uriel*, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sitst,  
See far and wide: in at this Gate none pass  
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come  
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour  
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have o'erleapt these earthie bounds  
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he, and *Uriel* to his charge  
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n  
Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd  
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth  
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold

The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:  
Now came still Eevening on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober Livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,  
They to their grassie Couch, these to their Nests  
Were flunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament  
With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led  
The starry Host, rode brightest, till the Moon  
Rising in clouded Majesty, at length  
Apparent Queen unvail'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th' hour  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive, and the timely due of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long  
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his Dignity,

And

And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;  
 While other Animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To morrow e'er fresh morning streak the East  
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon floury Arbours, yonder Allies green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gums,  
 That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus *Eve* with perfect beauty adorn'd.  
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,  
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time,  
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun

When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,  
Gliftring with dew; fragrant the fertil Earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Eevning mild, the silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,  
And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry train:  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flour,  
Gliftring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering Star-light without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor reply'd.  
Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,  
Those have their course to finish, round the Earth,  
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land  
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
Lest total darkness should by Night regain

Her

Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
Of various influence foment and warme,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Sun's more potent Ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,  
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseless praise his Works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note  
Singing their great Creator: oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful Bower; it was a place  
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to man's delightful use; the roof  
Of thickest covert was in woven shade  
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
*Acanthus*, and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
*Iris* all hues, *Roses*, and *Gessamin*  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,  
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd then with stone  
Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here  
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;  
Such was their awe of Man. In shady Bower  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
*Pan* or *Sylvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,  
Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess  
With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs  
Espoused *Eve* deckt first her nuptial Bed,  
And Heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,

What

What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
Brought her in naked Beauty more adorn'd,  
More lovely than *Pandora*, whom the Gods  
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like  
In sad event, when to th' unwiser Son  
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
On him who had stole *Jove's* authentic fire.

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood  
Both turn'd, and under open Sky ador'd  
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth and Heav'n,  
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe  
And starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day.  
Which we in our appointed work imploy'd  
Have finish'd happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And

And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into their inmost Bower  
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
Streight side by side were laid, nor turn'd I weene  
*Adam* from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rights  
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:  
Whatever Hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity and place and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?  
Hail wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety,  
In Paradise of all things common else,  
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
Among the bestial herds to range, by thee  
Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,  
Relations dear, and all the Charities  
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.

Far

Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,  
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours  
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or midnight Ball,  
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These lull'd by Nightingales imbracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the floury roof  
 Showr'd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on  
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shaddowy Cone  
 Half way up Hill this vast sublunar Vault,  
 And from their Ivory Port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd  
 To their night watches in warlike Parade,

When

When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

*Uzziel*, half these draw off, and coast the South  
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the Spear.

From these, two strong and suttler Spirits he call'd  
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

*Ithuriel* and *Zephon*, with wing'd speed

Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,

But chiefly where those two fair Creatures lodge,

Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm

This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,

Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen

Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:

Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,

Dazling the Moon; these to the Bower direct

In search of whom they sought: him there they found

Squat like a Toad, close at the ear of *Eve*;

Assaying by his devilish Art to reach

The Organs of her Fancy, and with them forge

Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,

Or

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires  
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.  
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
 Fit for the Tun some Magazine to store  
 Against a rumor'd War, the smutty grain  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air:  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd  
 So sudden to behold the grisly King;  
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know

Know ye not then, said *Satan*, fill'd with scorn,  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where you durst not soare;  
 Not to know me argues your selves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?  
 To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn with scorn.  
 Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminisht brightness, to be known  
 As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;  
 That Glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.  
 But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke  
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
 Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd  
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd

His

His lustre visible impair'd ; yet seem'd  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,  
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage ;  
But like a proud Steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Chaumping his iron curb : to strive or flie  
He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd  
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western Point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in Squadron join'd  
Awaiting next command. To whom their Chief  
*Gabriel* from the Front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern  
*Itburriel* and *Zephon* through the shade.  
And with them comes, a third of Regal port,  
But faded splendor wan ; who by his gate  
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest ;

Stand

Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended when these two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.  
Why hast thou, *Satan* broke the bounds prescrib'd,  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Imploy'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus *Satan*, with contemptuous brow.  
*Gabriel*, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question askt  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thy self, no  
And boldly venture to whatever place (doubt,  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompence  
Dole with delight, which in this place I fought;  
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,

But

But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object  
 His will who bound us? let him surer bar  
 His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.  
 The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
 Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.  
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
 Since *Satan* fell, whom folly overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison scap'd,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
 Or not, who ask'd what boldness brought him hither  
 Unlicenc'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
 However, and to scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,  
 Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight  
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.  
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them

Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they  
Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief,  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.  
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
Thy fiercest when in Battel to thy aide,  
Thy blasting vollied Thunder made all speed  
And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
From hard essaies and ill successés past  
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd,  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie  
This new created World, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent; here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air;  
Though for possession put to try oncc more

What

What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;  
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
 High up in Heav'n, with Songs to hymn his Throne,  
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel soon reply'd.  
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spy,  
 Argues no Leader but a Liar trac'd,  
*Satan*, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?  
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd  
 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reign?  
 But mark] what I arreede thee now, avant;  
 Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,

Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,  
 And Seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he, but *Satan* to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,  
 Proud limitary Cherube, but e'er then  
 Far heavier load thy self expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though Heavens King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
 Us'd to the yolk, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharpning in mooned horns  
 Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
 Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* alarm'd  
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:

His stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest  
 Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe  
 What seem'd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful  
 Might have ensu'd, not only Paradise (deeds  
 In this commotion, but the Starry Cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements  
 At least had gone to rack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc'd Air  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;  
 Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

*Satan*, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,  
 Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then  
 To boast what Arms can do, since thine no more  
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doub'd now  
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look, up,

And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign (weak,  
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how  
 If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

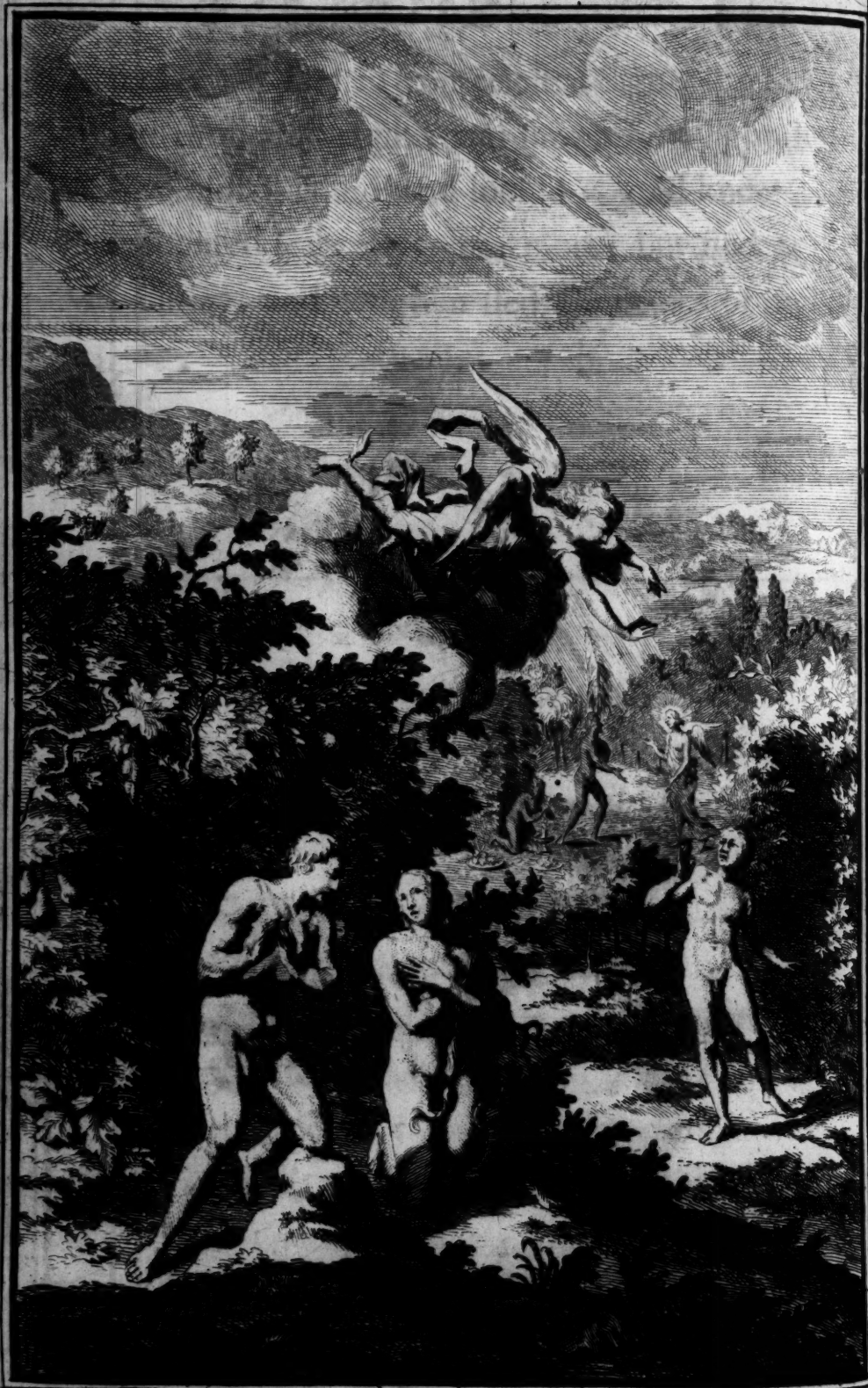
---

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

---

a.





H. Bland delin. et fecit.

---

# Paradise Lost.

---

## B O O K V.

---

### The ARGUMENT.

*Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and what ever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

NOW Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient Pearl,  
When *Adam* wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was Aerie light from pure digestion bred,  
And temperat vapours bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song  
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd *Eve*  
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,

What

What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My Glory, my Perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,  
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day pass'd, or morrows next design,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night; methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
Why sleepest thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his Eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,

In

In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;

To find thee I directed then my walk;

And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways

That brought me on a sudden to the Tree

Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,

Much fairer to my Fancy than by day:

And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood

One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n

By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd

*Ambrosia*; on that Tree he also gaz'd;

And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,

Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,

Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?

Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?

Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold

Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?

This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arm

He pluckt, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd

At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:

But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,

Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,

For-

Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?  
Here, happy Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,  
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,  
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,  
But sometimes in the Air, as we, sometimes  
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savoury smell  
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide  
And various: wondring at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation; suddenly  
My Guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And

And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night  
Related, and thus *Adam* answer'd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
Created pure. But know that in the Soul  
Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next  
Her office holds; of all eternal things,  
Which the five watchful Sences represent,  
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private Cell when Nature rests.  
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some such resemblances methinks I find

Of

Of our last Evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange; yet be not sad,  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks  
That wont to be more chearful and serene  
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the World,  
And let us to our fresh Employments rise  
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours  
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells  
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair Spouse, and she was chear'd,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their Chrystal sluice, he e'er they fell  
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the Field they haste.  
But first from under shadie arborous roof,

Soon

Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen  
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean brim,  
Shot paralel to the earth his dewy ray,  
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East  
Of Paradise and *Eden's* happy Plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Their Orisons, each Morning duly paid  
In various style, for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
Flow'd from their lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,  
More tuneable than needed Lute or Harp  
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens  
To us invisible or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:  
Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of light,

An-

Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoicing, ye in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn  
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,  
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbst,  
And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fallst.  
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fly'st  
With the fixt Stars, fixt in their Orb that flies,  
And ye five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.  
Air, and ye Elements the eldest birth  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change

Vary

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
 From Hill or streaming Lake, dusky or grey,  
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with Gold,  
 In honour to the World's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.  
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend.  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;  
 Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night

Have

Have gathered aught of evil or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.

On to their morning's rural work they haste  
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
Of Fruit-trees over woodie reach'd too far

Their pamper'd boughes, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine

To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings

Her dower th' adopted Clusters, to adorn

His barren leaves. Them thus imploy'd beheld

With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd

*Raphael*, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd

To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd

His marriage with the seventimes-wedded Maid.

*Raphael*, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
*Satan* from Hell scap'd through the darksome Gulf

Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd

This night the human pair, how he designs

In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend

Converse with *Adam*, in what Bower or shade  
Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,  
To respit his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
As may advise him of his happy state,  
Happiness in his power left free to will,  
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,  
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal  
His danger, and from whom, what enemy  
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of bliss;  
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,  
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarn'd.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
All Justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint  
After his charge receiv'd; but from among  
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood  
Vail'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way

Through

Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence; no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interpos'd, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,  
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd  
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glas  
 Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon;  
 Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*  
*Delos* or *Samos* first appearing kenns  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Sky  
 Sailes between worlds and worlds, with stedd' wing  
 Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fan  
 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare  
 Of Towing Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems  
 A *Phoenix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
 Bright Temple, to *Egyptian Theb's* he flies!  
 At once on th' Eastern cliff to Paradise

He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A Seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair  
 Girt like a Starry Zone his waste, and round  
 Skirted his loines and thighs with downy Gold  
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
 Shaddow'd from either heele with feather'd maile  
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands  
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise,  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
 Their glittering Tents he pass'd, and now is come  
 Into the blisful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
 And flouing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;  
 A WilderNESS of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will  
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above Rule or Art; enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward come

*Adam*

*Adam* discern'd, as in the door he sat  
Of his cool Bower, while now the mounted Sun  
Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme  
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than *Adam* needs;  
And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd  
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
Berry or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold  
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape  
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn  
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n  
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
This Day to be our Guest. But go with speed,  
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour  
Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earth's hallow'd mould,  
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
 But I will haste and from each bough and break,  
 Each Plant and juciest Gourd will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our Angel guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess that here on Earth  
 God hath dispens't his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best,  
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change,  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever Earth all bearing Mother yields  
 In *India* East or West, or middle shore  
 In *Pantus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where  
*Alcinous* reign'd, fruit of-all kinds, in coate,  
 Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell  
 She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board

Heaps

Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive moult, and meathes  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels prest  
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.  
 Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet  
 His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompany'd than with his own compleat  
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On Princes, when their rich Retinue long  
 Of Horses led, and Grooms besmear'd with Gold  
 Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence *Adam* though not aw'd,  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior Nature, bowing low,

Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
 None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
 Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess

This spacious ground, in yonder shady Bower  
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom thus the Angelic Virtue answer'd mild.  
*Adam*, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n,  
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bower  
O'er shades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise  
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd  
With flourets deckt and fragrant smells; but *Eve*  
Undeck't, save with her self more lovely fair  
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
She needed, Virtue proof, no thought infirm  
Alter'd her Cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest *Mary*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons  
Than

Than with these various fruits the Trees of God  
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf  
 Their Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
 And on her ample Square from side to side  
 All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
 No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
 Our Author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
 The Earth to yield; unfavoury food perhaps  
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
 Intelligential substances require  
 As doth your Rational; and both contain  
 Within them every lower faculty  
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,

And

And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustain'd and fed; of Elements  
The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea,  
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.  
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.  
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimential recompence  
In humid Exhalations, and at Ev'n  
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees  
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn  
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here  
Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
And to their viands fell, nor seemly  
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss

Of

Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchymist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect Gold  
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*  
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Nor burden'd Nature, sudden mind arose  
 In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Giv'n him by this great Conference to know  
 Of things above his World, and of their being  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far

Ex.

Exceeded human, and his wary speech

Thus to th' Empyrean Minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.  
O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return,  
If not deprav'd from good, created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending  
Each in their several active Spheres assign'd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
More aerie, last the bright consummate flour

Spi-

Spirits odorous breathes: flours and their fruit  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd  
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
Fancy and understanding, whence the Soul  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance; time may come when men  
With Angels may participate, and find  
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:  
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire  
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy  
Your fill what happiness this happy state

Can

Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind reply'd,  
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
From center to circumference; whereon  
In contemplation of created things  
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
What meant that caution joyn'd, *if ye be found*  
*Obedient*? can we want obedience then  
To him, or possibly his love desert  
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth;  
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;  
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self;  
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
And good he made thee, but to persevere  
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will  
By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate

Inex-

Inextricable; or strict necessity;  
 Our voluntary service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated, such with him  
 Finds no acceptance. nor can find, for how  
 Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By Destiny, and can no other chuse?  
 My self and all th'Angelic Host that stand  
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none; freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall  
 From what high state of blis into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills  
 Aereal Musick send: nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free;  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love

Our

Our maker, and obey him whose command  
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st  
Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,  
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;  
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun  
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*  
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou enjoinst me, O prime of men,  
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate  
To human sense th' invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse  
The ruin of so many glorious once  
And perfect while they stood; how last unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
This is dispenc'd, and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By lik'ning spiritual to corporeal forms,

As

As may exprefs them beft, though what if Earth  
Be but the fhadow of Heav'n, and things therein  
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wild  
Reign'd where thefe Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth  
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day (now refts  
(For time, though in Eternity, apply'd  
To motion, meafures all things durable  
By prefent, paft, and future) on fuch day  
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th'Empyrean Hoft  
Of Angels by Imperial fummons call'd,  
Innumerable before th'Almighties Throne  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd  
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright  
Ten thoufand thoufand Enfigns high advanc'd,  
Standards, and Gonfalons'twixt Van and Rear  
Stream in the Air, and for diftinction ferve  
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;  
Or in their glittering Tiffues bear imblaz'd  
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeal and Love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbs  
Or circuit inexpressible they flood,  
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,

O

By

By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
Amidst as from the flaming Mount, whose top  
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progeny of Light,  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
Hear my Decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My only Son, and on this holy Hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;  
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow  
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:  
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide  
United as one individual Soul  
For ever happy: him who disobey's  
Me disobey's, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place  
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake th'Omnipotent, and with his words  
All seem'd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.  
That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill.

My-

Myftical dance, which yonder ftarry Spheare  
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheels  
Refembles neareft, mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then moft, when moft irregular they feem,  
And in their motions harmony Divine  
So fmooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
Liftens delighted. Eevning now approach'd  
(For we have alfo our Eevning and our Morn,  
We ours for change delectable, not need)  
Forthwith from dance to fweet repaft they turn  
Defirous; all in Circles as they flood,  
Tables are fet, and on a fudden pil'd  
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows  
In Pearl, in Diamond, and mafsie Gold,  
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd,  
They eat, they drink, and in communion fweet  
Quaff immortality and joy, fecure  
Of furfeit where full meafure only bounds  
Excefs, before th' all bounteous King, who fhowr'd  
With copious hand, rejoycing in their joy.  
Now when ambrofial Night with Clouds exhal'd

From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd  
 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there  
 In darker veil) and roseat Dews dispos'd  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous Earth in Plain out spred,  
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th'Angelic throng  
 Disperst in Bands and Files their Camp extend  
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fann'd with coole Winds, save those who in their course  
 Melodious Hymns about the sov'reign Throne  
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
*Satan*, so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,  
 In favour and præminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
*Messiah* King anointed, could not bear  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaired.

Deep

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepest thou, Companion dear; what sleep can close  
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
 Of Heav'ns Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
 Both waking we were one; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;  
 New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim Night  
 Her shadowy Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their Banners wave  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess

The Quarters of the North, there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King  
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
Bad influence into th' unwary breast  
Of his Associate; he together calls,  
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,  
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,  
That the most High commanding, now e'er Night,  
Now e'er dim Night had disincumber'd Heav'n,  
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to found  
Or taint integrity; but all obey'd  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of their great Potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;  
His count'nance, as the Morning Star that guides  
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Host:  
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discerns

Ab-

Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount  
And from within the golden Lamps that burn  
Nightly before him, saw without their Light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of Deity or Empire, such a foe  
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;  
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all imploy  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our Sanctuary, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear  
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,

Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
Matter to me of Glory, whom their hate  
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power  
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event  
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers  
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an Host  
Innumerable as the Stars of Night,  
Or Stars of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flour.  
Regions they pass'd, the mighty Regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In their triple Degrees, Regions to which  
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more  
Than what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
And all the Sea, from one entire globe  
Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd  
At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount

Rais'd

Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs  
 From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of Gold,  
 The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call  
 That Structure in the Dialect of men  
 Interpreted) which not long after, he  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that Mount whereon  
*Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
 For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
 Pretending so commanded to consult  
 About the great reception of their King,  
 Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Po-  
 If these magnific Titles yet remain (wers,  
 Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
 Another now hath to himself ingross'd  
 All Power, and us eclips'd under the name  
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight march, and hurry'd meeting here,  
 This only to consult how we may best  
 With what may be devis'd of honours new

Receive

Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?  
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves  
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchy over such as live by right  
His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
In freedom equal; or can introduce  
Law and Edict on us, who without Law  
Err not, much less for this to be our Lord,  
And look for adoration to th' abuse  
Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus

Thus far his bold discourse without controul  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
*Abdiel*, than whom none with more zeal ador'd  
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n  
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate  
In place thy self so high above thy Peers.  
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
The just Decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
That to his only Son by right endu'd  
With regal Scepter, every Soul in Heav'n  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist  
Flatly unjust. to bind with Laws the free,  
And equal over equals to let Reign,  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute  
With him the points of liberty, who made  
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Powers of Heav'n  
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?  
Yet

Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good, and of our dignity  
How provident he is, how far from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
Our happy state under one Head more near  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals Monarch Reign:  
Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,  
Or all Angelic Nature join'd in one,  
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
As by his Word the mighty Father made  
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n  
By him created in their bright degrees,  
Crown'd them with Glory, and to their Glory nam'd  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,  
But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes,  
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done  
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage  
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease  
Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,  
While Pardon may be found in time besought.

So

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
 Th'Apostat, and more haughty thus reply'd.  
 That we were form'd then saist thou? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transfer'd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learnt: who  
 When this creation was? rememberst thou <sup>(saw</sup>  
 Thy making, while the maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd  
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
 Had circl'd his full Orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.  
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th'Almighty Throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to th'anoointed King;  
 And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight.

He

He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienated from God, O spirit accurst,  
Forsook'n of all good; I see thy fall  
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
Of God's *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws  
Will not be now vouchsafed, other Decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recal;  
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked Tents devoted, lest the wrath  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learn,

When

When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, untterrify'd  
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.  
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long way through scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud Towers to swift destruction doom'd.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*

Para-

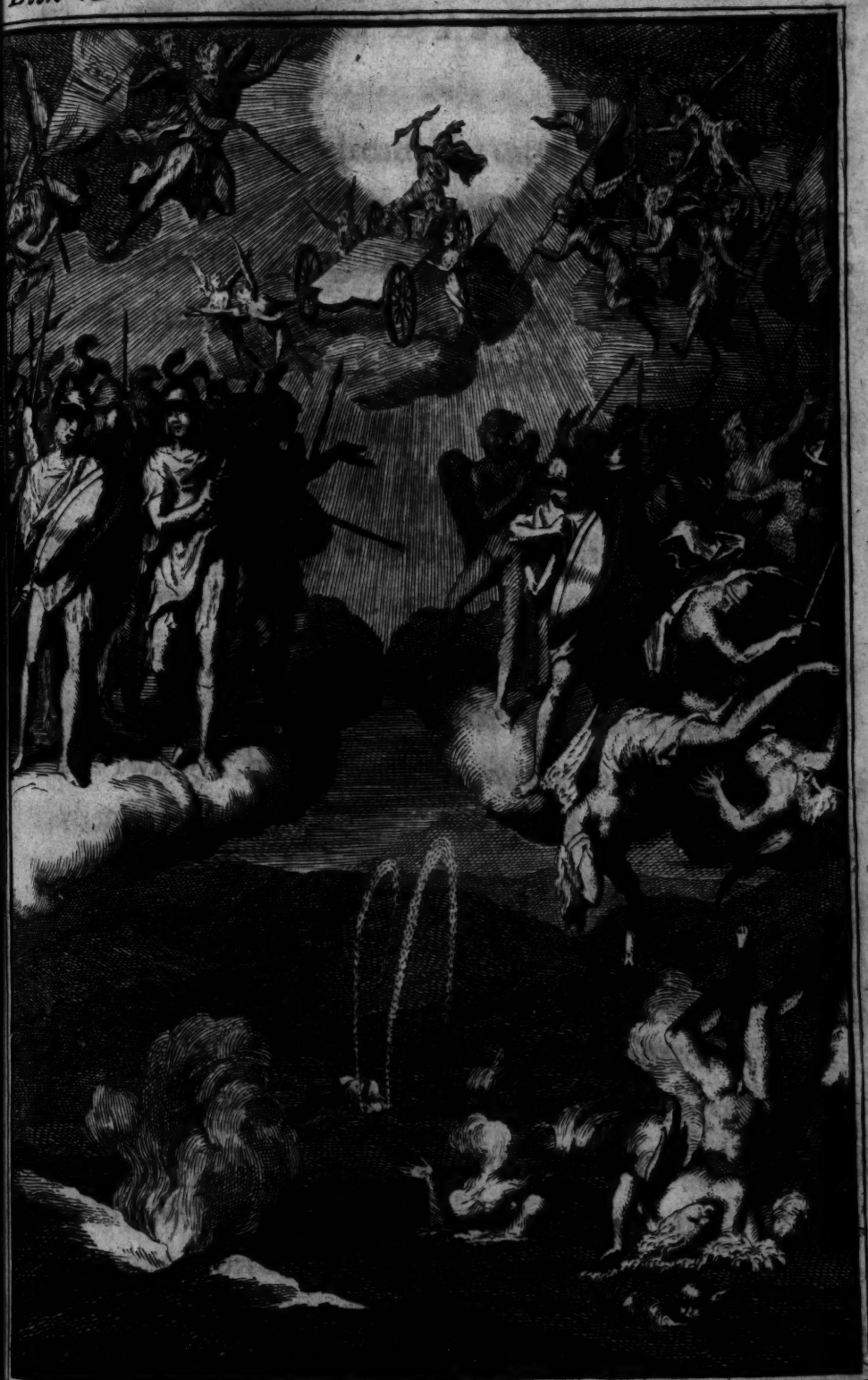
# Paradise Lost.

## B O O K VI.

### The ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second days Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: He in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horreur and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL





BRITISH  
4 EE73  
MUSEUM

B  
A  
W  
U  
V  
V  
L  
C  
L  
C  
T  
S  
S  
E  
S  
C  
C  
E  
V  
A  
7  
A

**A**LL night the dreadful Angel unpursu'd  
 Through Heav'n's wide Champain held his way,  
 Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosie hand (till Morn,  
 Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave  
 Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,  
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
 Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night; (Heav'n  
 Light issues forth, and at the other door  
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour  
 To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn  
 Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in Gold  
 Empyrean, from before her vanquisht Night,  
 Shot through with orient Beams, when all the Plain  
 Cover'd with thick embattl'd Squadrons bright,  
 Chariots and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first meet his view:  
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found  
 Already known what he for news had thought  
 To have reported: gladly then he mixt  
 Among those friendly Powers who him receiv'd

With joy and acclamations loud, that one  
 That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one  
 Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill  
 They led him high applauded, and present  
 Before the seat supream; from whence a voice  
 From midst a Golden Cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause  
 Of Truth, in word mightier than they in Arms;  
 And for the testimony of Truth hast born  
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence: for this was all thy care  
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse, the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
 By force, who reason for their Law refuse,  
 Right Reason for their Law, and for their King  
*Messiah*, who by right of merit Reigns.  
 Go *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,  
 And thou in Military prowess next

*Gabriel*, lead forth to Battel these my Sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;  
Equal in number to that Godless crew  
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into their place of punishment, the Gulph  
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide  
His fiery *Chaos* to receive their fall.

So spake the Sov'reign voice, and Clouds began  
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl  
In dusky wreathes, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awak'd: nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:  
At which command the Powers Militant,  
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright Legions, to the sound  
Of Instrumental Harmony that breath'd  
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
Under their God-like Leaders, in the Cause  
Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move

Indissolubly firm: nor obvious Hill,  
Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive Air upbore  
Their nimble tread, as when the total kind  
Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
Came summon'd over *Eden* to receive  
Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last  
Far in th' Horizon to the North appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery Region, stretcht  
In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
The banded Powers of *Satan* hastening on  
With furious expedition; for they ween'd  
That self same day by fight, or by surprize  
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne  
To set the envier of his State, the proud  
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the mid way; though strange to us it seem'd

At

At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as Sons of one great Sire  
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout  
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God  
Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot fate  
Idol of Majesty Divine, enclos'd  
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now  
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length: before the cloudy Van,  
On the rough edge of battel e'er it joyn'd,  
*Satan* with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,  
Came towring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold;  
*Abdiel* that sight endur'd not, where he stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
Should yet remain, where faith and realty  
Remain not; wherefore should not strength and might  
There fail where Virtue fails, or weakest prove  
Where boldest; though to fight unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in th'Almighty's aid,  
I mean to try, whose Reason I have try'd  
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,  
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens'd and thus securely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht  
The heighth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power  
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain  
Against th'Omnipotent to rise in Arms;

Who

Who out of smallest things could without end  
 Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand  
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow  
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
 Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest  
 All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith  
 Prefer, and Piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone  
 Seem'd in thy World erroneous to dissent  
 From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wisht hour  
 Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provokt, since first that tongue  
 Inspired with contradiction durst oppose  
 A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
 Their Deities to assert, who while they feel  
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst

Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
From me some Plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;  
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n  
To heav'nly Souls had been all one; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Ministring Spirits, train'd up in Feast and Song;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,  
Servility with freedom to contend,  
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.  
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern reply'd  
Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve th'unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;  
Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.

Reign

Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let me serve  
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while  
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield  
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth  
Winds under ground or waters forcing way  
Sidelong, had push'd a Mountain from his seat  
Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seisd  
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
Thus foil'd their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
Preface of Victory and fierce desire  
Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound  
Th'Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n  
It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung  
*Hosanna* to the Highest: nor stood at gaze

The

The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd  
The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheels  
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery Darts in flaming vollies flew,  
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
So under fiery Cope together rush'd  
Both Battels main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n  
Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when  
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These Elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their Regions: how much more of Power  
Army against Army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy Native seat;  
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd

And

And limited their might ; though number'd such  
 As each divided Legion might have seem'd  
 A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand  
 A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader seem'd  
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges of grim War; no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argu'd fear; each on himself rely'd,  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory; deeds of Eternal fame  
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
 That War and various; sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seem'd then  
 Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale  
 The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day  
 Prodigious Power had shewn, and met in Arms  
 No equal, raunging through the dire Attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons at once, with huge too-handed sway

Bran-

Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide waisting; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb  
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
A vast circumference: At his approach  
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd  
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self  
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'ns blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here  
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her Confines, Heav'n the seat of bliss  
Brooks not the works of violence and War.

Hence

Hence then, and evil go with thee along  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,  
 E'er this avenging Sword begin thy doom,  
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind  
 Of aerie threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquisht, easier to transact with me  
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence? err not that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
 The strife of Glory: which we mean to win,  
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell  
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
 And join him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,  
 I flie not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight  
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue

Of

Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such height  
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seem'd,  
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms  
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Aire  
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns their Shields  
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd  
Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion, such as to set forth  
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,  
Among the Constellations war were sprung,  
Two Planets rushing from aspect malign  
Of fiercest opposition in mid Sky,  
Should combat, and their jarring Spheres confound.  
Together both with next to Almighty Arm,  
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
That might determine, and not need repeat,  
As not of power, at once; nor odds appear'd  
In might or swift prevention; but the sword

Of

Of *Michael* from the Armory of God  
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,  
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd  
All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,  
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd through him, but th' *Ethereal* substance clos'd  
Not long divisible, and from the gash  
A stream of Nectarous humour issuing flow'd  
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,  
And all his Armour stain'd e'er while so bright.  
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
Defence, while others bore him on their Shields  
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd  
From off the files of war; there they him laid  
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame  
To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbld by such rebuke, so far beneath  
His confidence to equal God in power.

Yet

Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout  
Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In Entrailles, Heart or Head, Liver or Reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die;  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid Aire:  
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,  
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,  
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,  
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of *Moloch* furious King, who him defy'd,  
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
Down cloy'n to the waste, with shatter'd Arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
*Uriel* and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Arm'd,  
Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,  
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods

Dis-

Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,  
 Mangl'd with gashly wounds through Plate and Maile,  
 Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy  
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow  
*Ariel* and *Arioc*, and the violence  
 Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.

I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
 Angels contented with their fame in Heav'n  
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort  
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of War,  
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just;  
 Illaudable; naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires  
 Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
 Therefore Eternal silence be their doom.

And now their Mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strow'n, and on a heap

Q

Chariot

Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd  
 And fiery foaming Steeds; what flood, recoyl'd  
 O'er wearied, through the faint Satanic Host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc'd entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.  
 Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious din of War:  
 Under her Cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field  
*Michael* and his Angels prevalent  
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard their Watches round,

Cherubic

Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
*Satan* with his rebellious disappear'd  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
 His Potentates to Council call'd by night;  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in Arms  
 Not to be overpowerd, Companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of Liberty alone,  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect;  
 Honour, Dominion, Glory, and Renown,  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not Eternal days?)  
 What Heav'n's Lord had powerfulest to send  
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,  
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd,  
 Since now we find this our Empyrean form  
 Incapable of mortal injury  
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,

Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
Of evil then so small as easie think  
The remedy; perhaps more valid Arms,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet;  
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
Or equal what between us made the odds;  
In Nature none: if other hidden cause  
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next up stood  
*Nisroc*, of Principalities the prime;  
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
Sore toil'd, his riv'n Arms to havock hewn,  
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake.  
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
Against unequal arms to fight in pain  
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with (pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands

Of Mightiest. Sence of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content, which is the calmest life :  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arm  
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* reply'd.  
Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring;  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gems and Gold,  
Whose Eye so superficially surveys  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till toucht  
With Heav'n's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth  
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.

These in their dark Nativity the Deep  
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,  
 Which into hallow Engins long and round  
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth  
 From far with thundring noise among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet e'er dawn,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.  
 He ended, and his words their drooping chear  
 Enlighten'd, and their languisht hope reviv'd.  
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
 To be th' inventer mis'd, so easie it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have  
 Impossible: yet haply of thy Race (thought  
 In future days, if Malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With dev'lish machination might devise

Like

Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,  
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath  
 Th' originals of Nature in their crude  
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
 They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle Art,  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:  
 Part hidd'n veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth  
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
 Whereof to found their Engins and their Balls  
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
 So all e'er day-spring, under conscious Night  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.  
 Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appear'd  
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood  
 Of Golden Panoply; refulgent Host,

Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills  
Look'd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, (scour,  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in alt: him soon they met  
Under spread Ensigns moving nigh, in flow  
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail  
*Zophiel*, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriours, Arm for fight, the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud  
He comes, and settl'd in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure: let each  
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his Helm, gripe fast his orb'd Shield,  
Born even or high, for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But ratling storm of Arrows barb'd with fire.  
So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took allarm,  
And onward move Embattell'd; when behold

Not distant far with heavy pace the Foe  
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube  
 Training his devillish Enginry, impal'd  
 On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 A while, but suddenly at head appear'd  
*Satan*: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open brest  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
 But that I doubt, however witness Heav'n,  
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part; ye who appointed stand  
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front  
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.  
 Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,  
 A triple mounted row of Pillars laid  
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd

Or

Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr  
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)  
Brass, Iron, Stony mould, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce; at each behind  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed  
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,  
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long, for sudden all at once their Reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appear'd,  
From those deep throated Engins belcht, whose roar  
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the Air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail  
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host  
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;  
The sooner for their Arms, unarm'd they might  
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift

By

By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.

What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to their foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row  
In posture to displode their second tire  
Of Thunder: back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld their plight,  
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?  
E'er while they fierce were coming, and when we,  
To entertain them fair with open Front  
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms  
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose  
If our proposals once again were heard  
We should compel them to a quick result.

To

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood,  
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of Victory, eternal might  
To match with their inventions they presum'd  
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
And all his Host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
Their Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n  
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)  
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,  
From

From their Foundations loosning to and fro  
They pluckt the seated Hills with all their load,  
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,  
Be sure, and terrour feis'd the rebel Host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,  
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row  
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of Mountains bury'd deep,  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
Main Promontories flung, which in the Aire  
Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,  
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd  
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind  
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
The rest in imitation to like Arms  
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;  
So Hills amid the Aire encounter'd Hills  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That

That under ground, they fought in dismal shade;  
Infernal noise; War seem'd a civil Game  
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt  
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n  
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,  
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits  
Shrin'd in his Sanctuary of Heav'n secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
That this great purpose he might so fulfil,  
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son  
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glory, Son belov'd,  
Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly, what by Deity I am,  
And in whose hand what by Decree I do,  
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,  
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,  
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame  
These disobedient; fore hath been their fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;

For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,  
Equal in their Creation they were form'd,  
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
War wearied hath perform'd what War can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes  
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.  
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far  
Have suffer'd, that the Glory may be thine  
Of ending this great War, since none but Thou  
Can end it. Into thee such Virtue and Grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare;  
And this perverse Commotion govern'd thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.  
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might,  
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels

That

That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my War;  
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms  
 Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;  
 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out  
 From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
 God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct  
 Shon full; he all his Father full exprest  
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd;  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seekst  
 To glorifie thy Son, I always thee,  
 As is most just; this I my Glory account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
 For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'st:  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on

Thy

Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,  
 To their prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying Worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy Mount  
 Unfained *Hallelujahs* to thee sing;  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
 So said, he o'er his Scepter bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of Glory where he sat,  
 And the third sacred Morn began to shine  
 Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-  
 The Chariot of Paternal Deity, (wind sound  
 Flashing thick flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,  
 It self instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each  
 Had wondrous, as with Stars their bodies all  
 And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the wheels  
 Of Beril, and careering Fires between;  
 Over their heads a chrystal Firmament;

Thy

R

Whereon

Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showry Arch.  
 He in Celestial Panoply all arm'd  
 Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended, at his right hand Victory  
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow  
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd.  
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowl'd  
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
 He onward came, far off his coming shon,  
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:  
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the Chrystallin Sky, in Saphir Thron'd.  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd  
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:  
 Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd  
 His Army, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;

At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.  
 This saw his hapless Foes but stood obdur'd,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what Signs avail,  
 Or wonders move th' obdurate so relent?  
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim;  
 Grieving to see his Glory, at the sight  
 Took envy, and aspiring to his heighth,  
 Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
 Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last, and now  
 To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,  
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God

Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done  
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs,  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;  
Number to this days work is not ordain'd  
Nor multitude, stand only and behold  
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd  
By me, not you but me they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supream  
Kingdom and Power and Glory appertains,  
Hath honour'd me according to his will.  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;  
That they may have their wish, to try with me  
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terroure chang'd  
His count'nance too severe to be beheld  
And full of wrath bent on his Enemies.

At once the Four spread out their Starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes  
 Of his fierce Chariot rowl'd, as with the sound  
 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.  
 He on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as Night; under his burning Wheels  
 The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their Souls infix'd  
 Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
 All courage; down the idle weapons drop'd;  
 O'er Shields and Helms, and helmed heads he rode  
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
 That wist the Mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four,  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitudes of eyes,  
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire

Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His Thunder in mild volly, for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Herd  
Of Goats or timorous flock together throng'd  
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And Chrystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,  
Rowl'd inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd  
Into the wasteful Deep; the monstrous sight  
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell; confounded *Chaos* roar'd  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through

Through his wild Anarchy, so huge a rout  
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,  
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowl'd.  
Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes  
*Messiah* his triumphal Chariot turn'd:  
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his Almighty Acts,  
With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching Palm, each order bright,  
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,  
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts  
And Temple of his mighty Father Thron'd  
On high: who into Glory him receiv'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth  
At thy request, and that thou maist beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd

What might have else to human Race been hid;  
The discord which befel, and War in Heav'n  
Among th'Angelic Powers, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
With *Satan*, he who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereav'd of happiness thou mayst partake  
His punishment, Eternal misery;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite done against the most High,  
Thee once to gain Companion of his woe.  
But list'n not to his Temptations, warn  
Thy weaker, let it profit thee to have heard  
By terrible Example the reward  
Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*

---

---

# Paradise Lost.

---

## B O O K VII.

---

### The ARGUMENT.

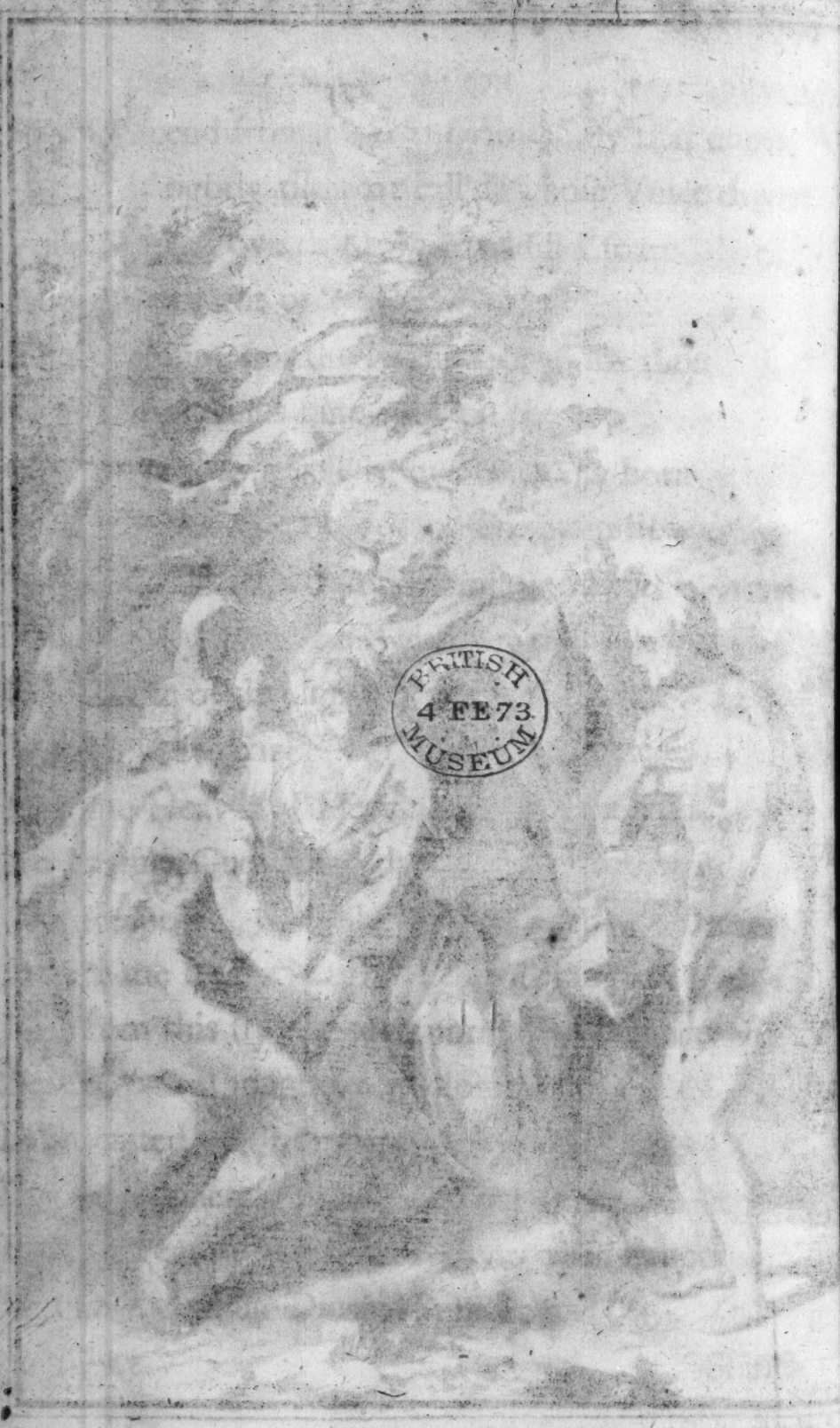
*Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.*

D E.

**D**Escend from Heav'n *Urania*, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine  
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,  
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.  
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nly born,  
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountain flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An Earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,  
Thy tempring; with like safety guided down  
Return me to my Native Element:  
Lest from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
*Bellerophon*, though from a lower Clime)  
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall  
Erroneous there to wander and forlorne.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;

Stand-





BRITISH  
4 FE 73  
MUSEUM

B  
S  
M  
T  
O  
L  
A  
V  
P  
U  
B  
C  
O  
L  
T  
B  
H  
F  
T  
A  
A  
T  
L

Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
 Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,  
*Urania*, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of *Bacchus* and its revellers, the Race  
 Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard  
 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Ears  
 To rapture, till the savage clamour dround  
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art Heav'nly, she an emptie dream.

Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,  
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
*Adam* by dire example to beware  
 Apostasie, by what besel in Heav'n  
 To those Apostates, lest the like befall  
 In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,

Charg'd

Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obey'd amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Though wandring. He with his consoled *Eve*  
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration, and deep Muse to hear  
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
And War so near the Peace of God in bliss  
With such confusion: but the evil soon  
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd  
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What nearer might concern him, how this World  
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
What within *Eden* or without was done  
Before his memorie, as one whose drouth  
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,

Pro-

Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,  
Far differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd  
Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
Down from the Empyrean to forewarn  
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:  
For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
Immutably his sovereign will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd  
Gently for our instruction to impart  
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to the highest wisdom seem'd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd  
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd  
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest  
Through

Through all Eternity so late to build  
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould  
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his Eternal Empire, but the more  
 To magnifie his works, the more we know.  
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
 Much of his Race though steep; suspense in Heav'n  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His Generation, and the rising Birth  
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:  
 Or if the Star of Eevening and the Moon  
 Hasten to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song  
 End, and dismiss thee e'er the Morning shine.

Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:  
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.  
 This also thy request with caution askt  
 Obtain: though to recount Almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?

Yet

Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorifie the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be with-held  
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
 Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in Night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:  
 Anough is left besides to search and know.  
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her Temperance over Appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain,  
 Oppresses else with Surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Wind.

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the Host  
 Of Angels, than that Star the Stars among)  
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep  
 Into this place, and the great Son return'd  
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld

Their

Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of Deity supream, us dispossess,  
 He trusted to have seisd, and into fraud  
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;  
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
 Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her Realms  
 Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent  
 With Ministries due and solemn Rites:  
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
 Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another World, out of one man a Race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,

One

One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
 Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,  
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done:  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not, Necessity and Chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th'Almighty, and to what he spake  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n  
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;  
 Glory they sung to the most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:

Glory to him whose just avenging ire  
 Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight  
 And th' habitations of the just; to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of Spirits malign a better Race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.  
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son  
 On his great Expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd  
 Of Majesty Divine, Sapience and Love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.  
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,  
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
 Against a solemn day, harness at hand,  
 Celestial Equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,  
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide  
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound

On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss  
Outragious as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heav'ns heighth, and with the Center mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,  
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode

Far into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;

For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Train

Follow'd in bright procession to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand

He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd

In God's Eternal store, to circumscribe

This Universe, and all created things:

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd

Round through the vast profundity obscure,

And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just Circumference, O World.  
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void: Darknes profound  
 Cover'd th'Abyss: but on the watry calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,  
 And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd  
 The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs  
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd  
 Like things to like, the rest to severall place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
 And Earth self ballanc'd on her Center hung.

Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
 To journey through the aerie gloom began,  
 Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy Tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere  
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn.

Nor

Nor past uncelebrated, nor un Sung  
 By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light  
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;  
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd  
 God and his works, Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.

Again, God said, let there be Firmament  
 Amid the Waters, and let it divide

The Waters from the Waters: and God made  
 The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd

In circuit to the uttermost convex

Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,

The Waters underneath from those above

Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World

Built on circumfluous Waters calm, in wide

CrySTALLIN Ocean, and the loud misrule

Of *Chaos* far remov'd, lest fierce extreams

Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:

And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n

And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth  
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
Prolifick humour soft'ning all her Globe,  
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,  
Sate with genial moisture, when God said  
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n  
Into one place, and let dry Land appear.  
Immediately the Mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the Clouds, their tops ascend the Sky:  
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowl'd  
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;  
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
On the swift floods: as Armies at the call  
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to their Standard, so the watry throng,  
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,

If

If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plain,  
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With Serpent error wandring, found their way,  
And on the washy Oose deep Channels wore;  
Easie, e'er God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth  
Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding Seed,  
And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;  
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad  
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,  
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flou'd  
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay  
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
Forth flourish'd thick the clustring Vine, forth crept  
The smelling Gourd, up stood the corny Reed

Embattell'd in her field: and the humble Shrub,  
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last  
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were  
 With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,<sup>(crown'd,</sup>  
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now  
 Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the Earth a dewy Mist  
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which e'er it was in the Earth  
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good.  
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let their be Lights  
 High in th' expanse of Heav'n to divide  
 The Day from Night; and let them be for Signs,  
 For Seasons, and for Days, and circling Years,  
 And let them be for Lights as I ordain  
 Their Office in the Firmament of Heav'n

To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.  
And God made two great Lights, great for their use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
The less by Night alterne: and made the Stars,  
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n  
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day  
In their vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:  
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
A mighty Sphere he fram'd, unlightfom first,  
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,  
And sow'd with Stars the Heav'n thick as a field:  
Of Light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd  
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.  
Hither as to their Fountain other Stars  
Repairing, in their gold'n Urns draw Light,  
And hence the Morning Planet guilds her horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment

Their

Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
 Invested with bright Rays, jocond to run  
 His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray  
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd  
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in level'd West was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
 From him, for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign  
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand Stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
 With their bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
 Glad Eevning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, let the Waters generate  
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soul:  
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
 Display'd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.

And

And God created the great Whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds,  
 And every Bird of wing after his kind;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;  
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.  
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay  
 With Frie innumerable swarm, and Shoals  
 Of Fish that with their Fins and shining Scales  
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate  
 Graze the Sea weed their pasture, and through Groves  
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
 Show to the Sun their wav'd coats dropt'd with Gold,  
 Or in their Pearly shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment, or under Rocks their food  
 In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seal,  
 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk  
 Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their Gate  
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan  
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep

Stretcht

Stretcht like a Promontory sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gills  
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.  
 Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoars  
 Their Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd (soon  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge  
 They summ'd their Pens, and soaring' th' air sublime  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork  
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops their Eyries build:  
 Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their Aerie Caravan high over Seas  
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent Crane  
 Her annual voyage, born on Winds; the Aire  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred their painted wings  
 Till Eev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
Others

Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
 Their downy Breast; the Swan with Arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rows  
 Her state with Oary feet: yet oft they quit  
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
 The mid Aereal Sky: Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
 Of Rainbows and Starry Eyes. The Waters thus  
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
 Eevning and Morn solemniz'd the Fifth day.

The Sixth, and of Creation last arose  
 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,  
 Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kind,  
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,  
 Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
 Op'ning her fertil Womb teem'd at a Birth  
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose  
 As from his Laire the wild Beast where he wons  
 In Forrest wild, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose; they walk'd:  
 The

The Cattel in the Fields and Meddows green:  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.  
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appear'd  
 The Tawny Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,  
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching Head: scarce from his mould  
*Behemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
 His vastness: Fleec'd the Flocks and bleating rose,  
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land  
 The River Horse and scaly Crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or Worm; those wav'd their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
 In all the Liveries deck'd of Summers pride  
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:  
 These as a Line their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kind

Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd  
 Their Snaky foulds; and added wings. First crept  
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
 Of Commonalty: swarming next appear'd  
 The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
 With Hony stor'd: the rest are numberless, (Names,  
 And thou their Natures know'st, and gav'st them  
 Needlest to thee repeated; nor unknown  
 The Serpent suttl'st Beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes  
 And hairy Main terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
 Now Heav'n in all her Glory shon, and rowl'd  
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand  
 First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,  
 By Fowle, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt  
 Frequent; and of the Sixth day yet remain'd;  
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end

Of

Of all yet done; a Creature who not prone  
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
With Sanctity of Reason, might erect  
His Stature, and upright with Front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes  
Directed in Devotion, to adore  
And worship God supream, who made him chief  
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father (For where is not he  
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
This said, he form'd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
The breath of Life; in his own Image he  
Created thee, in the Image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.

Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Female for Race; then bless'd Mankind, and said,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,  
 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.  
 Where-ever thus created, for no place  
 Is yet distinct by Name, thence, as thou know'st  
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,  
 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God;  
 Delectable both to behold and taste;  
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields;  
 Variety without end; but of the Tree  
 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil;  
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;  
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
 Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
 So Eev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth day:  
 Yet not 'till the Creator from his work

Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd.  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created World  
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd  
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harps that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire  
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)  
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,  
 The Planets in their station list'ning stood,  
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Mgnificent, his Six days work, a World;  
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged Messengers  
 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung  
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'ns

That

air,

t)

v'n

That

That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led  
To God's Eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample roade, whose dust is Gold  
And pavement Stars, as Stars to thee appear,  
Seen in the Galixie, that Milky way  
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou see'st  
Pouder'd with Stars. And now on Earth the Seventh  
Evening arose in *Eden*, for the Sun  
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,  
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' Imperial Throne  
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down  
With his great Father (for he also went  
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge  
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,  
Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, blest and hallow'd the Sev'nth day;  
As resting on that day from all his work,  
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp  
Had Work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,  
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire

Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
 Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds  
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.  
 Creation and the Six days acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite  
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue  
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return  
 Than from the Giant Angels; thee that day  
 Thy Thunders magnify'd; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt  
 Of Spirits apostat and their Counsels vain  
 Thou hast repel'd, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
 From Heav'n Gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Stars

Numerous, and every Star perhaps a World  
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st  
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,  
 Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,  
 Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,  
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,  
 Created in his Image, there to dwell  
 And worship him, and in reward to rule  
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Aire,  
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers  
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they know  
 Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,  
 With *Halleluiahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.  
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
 How first this World and face of things began,  
 And what before thy memorie was done  
 From the beginning, that posterity  
 Inform'd by thee might know, if else thou seekst  
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

*The End of the Seventh Book.*

---

# Paradise Lost.

---

## B O O K VIII.

---

### The ARGUMENT.

*Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.*

THE



Ch. Eland videtur et foet.



B  
T  
T  
V  
E  
H  
T  
T  
T  
V  
V  
C  
V  
V  
C  
T  
A  
A  
S  
T  
D

**T**HE Angel ended, and in *Adam's* Ear  
 So Charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;  
 Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.  
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glory attributed to the high  
 Creator; something yet of doubt remains,  
 Which only thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,  
 Their magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a grain,  
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
 And all her number'd Stars, that seem to rowl  
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
 Their distance argues and their swift return  
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light

Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
 One day and night; in all their vast survey  
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler Bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their Orbs impose  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble than her self, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number fails.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd  
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*  
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,

Her

Her Nursery; they at her coming sprung  
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
*Adam* relating, she sole Auditress;  
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather; he, she knew would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip  
 Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;  
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot Darts of desire  
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus reply'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learn

His

His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Years :  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire; or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint Opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
 And calculate the Stars, how they will weild  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances, how gird the Sphear  
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o'er,  
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb :  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy off-spring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit : consider first, that Great  
 Or Bright infers not Excellence : the Earth  
 Though,

Though, in comparifon of Heav'n, fo fmall,  
Nor gliftering, may of folid good contain  
More plenty than the Sun that barren fhines,  
Whofe virtue on it felf works no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth; there firft receiv'd  
His beams, unactive elfe, their vigour find.  
Yet not to Earth are thofe bright Luminaries  
Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.  
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it fpeak  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So fpacious, and his Line ftretcht out fo far;  
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a fmall partition, and the reft  
Ordain'd for ufes to his Lord beft known.  
The fwiftness of thofe Circles attribute,  
Though numberlefs, to his Omnipotence,  
That to corporeal fubftances could add  
Speed almoft Spiritual; me thou thinkft not flow,  
Who fince the Morning hour fet out from Heav'n  
Where God refides, and e'er mid-day arriv'd  
In *Eden*, diftance inexpressible  
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,

Ad-

Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
 God to remove his ways from human sense,  
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain. What if the Sun  
 Be Center to the World, and other Stars  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
 Their wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different Motions move?  
 Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
 Invisible else above all Stars, the Wheel  
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day

Travelling East, and with her part averſe  
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicious aire,  
To the terreſtial Moon be as a Star  
Enlightning her by Day, as ſhe by Night  
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her ſpots thou ſeeſt  
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
Fruits in her ſofter'd Soil, for ſome to eat  
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
With their attendant Moons thou wilt deſcry  
Communicating Male and Female Light,  
Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with ſome that live.  
For ſuch vaſt room in Nature unpoſſeſt  
By living Soul, deſert and deſolate,  
Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimps of Light, convey'd ſo far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.  
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not,  
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n

Riſe

Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
 He from the East his flaming rode begin,  
 Or She from West her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;  
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Where-ever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
 And thy fair *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
 Not of Earth only but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* clear'd of doubt, reply'd.  
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts

To

To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us, unless we our selves  
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.  
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to rove  
Uncheckt, and of her roving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and futtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concern  
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
Thee I have heard relating what was done  
E'er my remembrance: now hear me relate  
My Story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest

How

How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n;  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant; but thy words with Grace Divine  
 Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.  
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
 Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
 Inward and outward both, his image fair:  
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;  
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
 Than of our fellow servant, and inquire  
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man:  
 For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
 On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;  
 For I that Day was absent, as befe,

Bound

Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;  
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt;  
But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to enure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;  
But long e'er our approaching heard within  
Noise, other than the sound of Dance or Song,  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
E'er Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge:  
But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire:  
For Man to tell how human Life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me. As new wak'd from foundest sleep  
 Soft on the floury herb I found me laid  
 In Balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
 Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample Sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
 Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,  
 And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, and lively vigour led:  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake,  
 My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
 What e'er I saw. Thou Son, said I, fair Light,  
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,

And

And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power præminent;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
 This happy Light, when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady Bank profuse of Flours  
 Pensive I fate me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seisd  
 My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,  
 And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,  
 First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd  
 First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide

To the Garden of blifs, thy feat prepar'd.  
 So faying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
 And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
 Smooth fliding without ftep, laft led me up  
 A woody Mountain; whose high top was plain,  
 A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodlieft Trees  
 Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I faw  
 Of Earth before fcarce pleasant feem'd. Each Tree  
 Load'n with faireft Fruit that hung to the Eye  
 Tempting, flirr'd in me fudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd and found  
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream  
 Had lively shadow'd: Here had new begun  
 My wandring, had not he who was my Guide  
 Up hither, from among the Trees appear'd  
 Prefence Divine. Rejoycing, but with awe  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submifs: he rear'd me, and whom thou foughtft I am,  
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou feeft  
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
 This Paradife I give thee, count it thine  
 To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eat:  
 Of every Tree that in the Garden grows

Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
 But of the Tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
 Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress, inevitably thou shalt die;  
 From that day mortal, and this happy State  
 shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
 To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.  
 In sign whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
 From thee their Names, and pay thee fealty

With low subjection; understand the same  
 Of Fish within their watry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Their Element to draw the thinner Aire.  
 As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
 Approaching two and two, These cowering low  
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their Nature, whith such knowledge God endu'd  
 My sudden apprehension: but in these  
 I found not what me thought I wanted still;  
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
 And all this good to man, for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,

As

As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth  
With various living creatures, and the Aire  
Replenisht, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee, know'st thou not  
Their language and their ways, they also know,  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy Realm is large.  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power;  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferiour far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society  
Can fort, what harmony or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate

All rational delight, wherein the Brute  
 Cannot be human comfort; they rejoyce  
 Each with their kind, Lion with Lioness;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle  
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;  
 Worse then can Man with Beast, and least of all.  
 Whereto th'Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
 A nice and futtle happiness I see  
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice  
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my State,  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently posses't  
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
 From all Eternity, for none I know  
 Second to me or like, equal much less.  
 How have I then with whom to hold converse  
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferiour, infinite descents  
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain  
 The heighth and depth of thy Eternal ways

All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;  
 Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,  
 But in degree, the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite;  
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
 But Man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his Image multiply'd,  
 In unity defective, which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
 Thou in thy secrecie although alone,  
 Best with thy self accompany'd, seek'st not  
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
 Canst raise thy Creature to what heighth thou wilt  
 Of Union or Communion, deify'd;  
 I by conversing cannot these erect  
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.  
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
 This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus

Thus far to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,  
 And find thee knowing not of Beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
 And be so minded still; I, e'er thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now  
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strein'd to the heighth  
 In that celestial Colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense,  
 Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine Eyes.

Mine

Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
 Of Fancy my internal fight, by which  
 Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
 Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took  
 From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:  
 The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;  
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
 Manlike, but different Sex, so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd  
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd

With

With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable: On she came,  
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial Sanctity and marriage Rites:  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self  
 Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man  
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo  
 Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;  
 And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
 Yet Innocence and Virgin Modesty,  
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable, or to say all,

Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;  
 I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
 And with obsequious Majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
 I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,  
 And happy Constellations on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;  
 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires  
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from their wings  
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night  
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eev'ning Star  
 On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.  
 Thus have I told thee all my State, and brought  
 My Story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies (Flours,  
 I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and  
 Walks, and the melody of Birds; hut here

Far

Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak  
 Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
 Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
 And inward Faculties, which most excel,  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His Image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that Dominion giv'n  
 O'er other Creatures; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in her self compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls

Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
 Looses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shews;  
 Authority and Reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their feat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard Angelic plac'd.  
 To whom the Angel with contracted brow.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;  
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
 Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,  
 By attributing overmuch to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thy self perceiv'st.  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;  
 Then value: Oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,

And

And to realities yield all her shows:  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 Is propagated seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd  
 To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulg'd, if aught  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The Soul of Man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her society thou findest  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not;  
 Wherein true love consists not; love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to heav'nly Love thou mayst ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
 Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd *Adam* reply'd.  
 Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kinds

(Though

(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
 So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions mixt with Love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul;  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing; yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how their Love  
 Express they, by looks only, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosie red, Love's proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happy, and without Love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive bars;  
 Easier than Aire with Aire, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure  
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.  
 But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
 Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles  
*Hesperian* sets, my Signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all  
 Him who to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed lest Passion sway  
 Thy Judgement to do ought, which else free Will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom *Adam* thus  
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go heav'nly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

*The End of the Eighth Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

## BOOK IX.

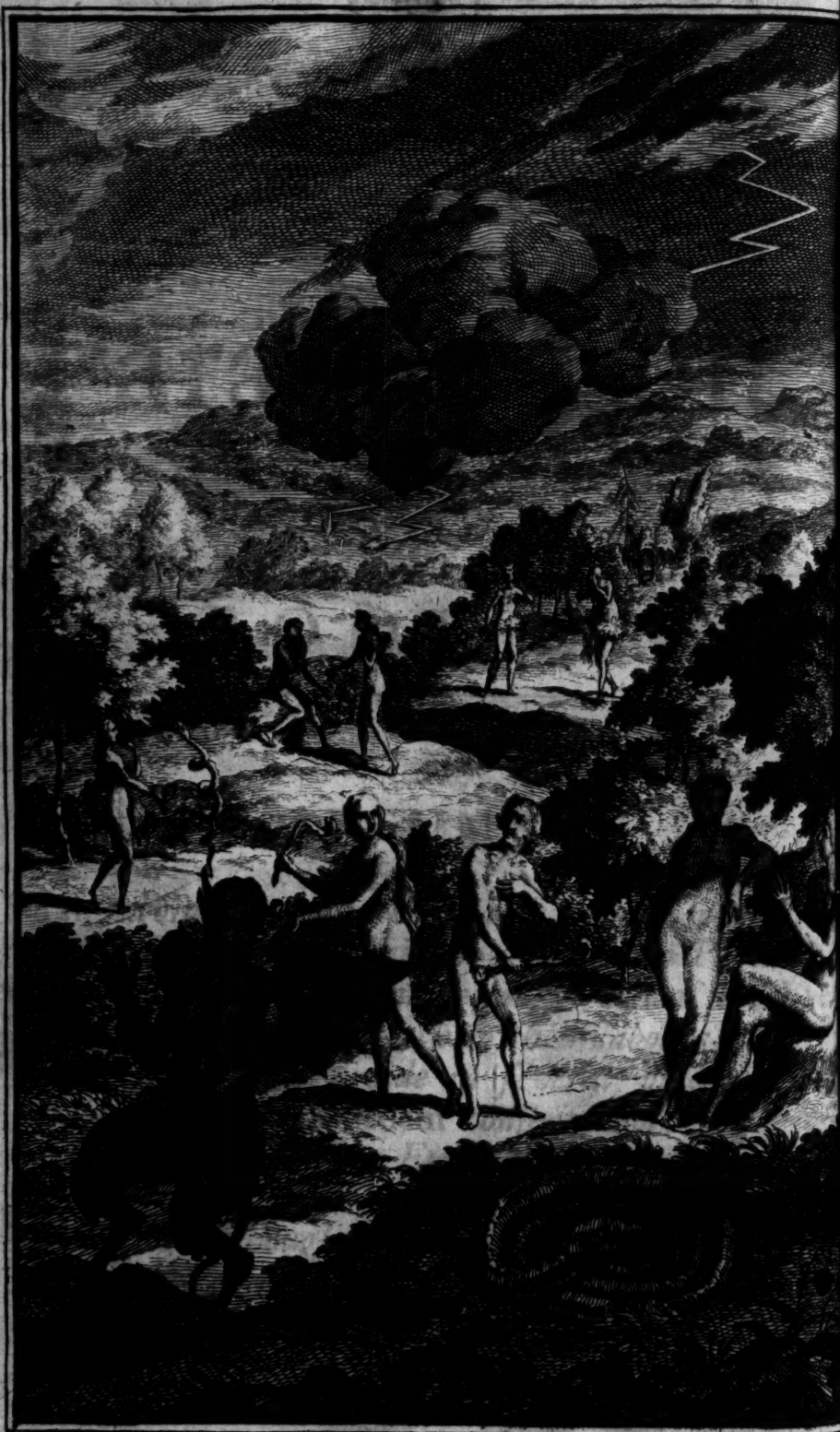
### The ARGUMENT.

*Satan having compast the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength; Adam at last yields: The*  
*Ser-*



BRITISH  
4 FEB 73  
MUSEUM

ated  
dise,  
Eve  
hich  
each  
ging  
were  
Eve  
ugh,  
make  
The  
Ser-



*Serpent finds her alone ; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not 'till now ; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, 'till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat ; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her ; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both ; they seek to cover their nakedness ; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.*

**N**O more of talk where God or Angel Guest  
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,  
That brought into this World a world of woe,  
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery  
Death's Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more Heroic than the wrath  
Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd  
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage  
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,  
Or *Neptune's* ire or *Juno's*, that so long  
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Citherea's* Son;  
If answerable style I can obtain  
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,

And

And dictates to me flumbring, or inspires  
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse:  
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song  
 Pleas'd me long chusing, and beginning late;  
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only Argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights  
 In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude  
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom  
 Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,  
 Of tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
 Impresses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;  
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous Knights  
 At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast  
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneschals;  
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name  
 To Person or to Poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher Argument  
 Remains, sufficient of it self to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or Years damp my intended wing

Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Star  
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter  
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
Night's Hemisphere had veil'd the Horizon round:  
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats  
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd  
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descry'd  
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
He circl'd, four times cross'd the Car of Night  
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse  
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth

Found

Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wrought the  
 Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise (change,  
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;  
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
 Where to lye hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
 From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole  
*Meotis*, up beyond the River *Ob*;  
 Downward as far *Antartic*; and in length  
 West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd  
 At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flows  
*Ganges* and *Indus*, thus the Orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every Creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found  
 The Serpent subtlest Beast of all the Field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily Snake,

What-

Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native fittlety  
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd  
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God after better worse would build?  
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns  
That shine, yet bear their bright officious Lamps,  
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
Centring receiv'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears  
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
With what delight could I have walkt thee round,

If

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of Hill, and Valley, Rivers, Woods and Plains,  
 Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crown'd,  
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
 To dwell, unless by mastering Heav'n's Supream;  
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
 For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range;  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he *Almighty* styl'd, six Nights and Days

Con-

Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
Before had been contriving, though perhaps  
Not longer than since I in one Night freed  
From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
Th'Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,  
And to reparaire his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
More Angels to Create, if they at least  
Are his Created, or to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,  
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed  
He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!  
Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
Their earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry  
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may find

The

The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy foulds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the heighth of Deity aspir'd;  
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter e'er long back on it self recoiles;  
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new Favourite  
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Dry,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd,

His

His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herb  
 Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his Mouth  
 The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
 Now when as sacred Light began to dawn  
 In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breath'd  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breath,  
 From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
 With grateful Smell, forth came the human pair  
 And join'd their vocal Worship to the Quire  
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest Scents and Aires:  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work: for much their work outgrew  
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
 And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

*Adam*, well may we labour still to dress  
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,

Our

Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise  
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present,  
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The Woodbine round his Arbour, or direct  
The clasping Ivy where to climb, while I  
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt  
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:  
For while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our days work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.  
Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living Creatures dear,  
Well hast thou mention'd, well thy thoughts imploy'd

How

How we might best fulfil the work which here  
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In Woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her Husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
 Labour, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,  
 To brute deny'd, and are of Love the food,  
 Love not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksom toil, but to delight  
 He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.  
 These paths and Bowers doubt not but ourjoynt hands  
 Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide  
 As we need walk, till younger hands e'er long  
 Assist us: But if much converse perhaps  
 Thee fatiate, to short absence I could yield.  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befal thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st

What

What hath been warn'd us, what malicious Foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
 Hopeless to circumvent us joyn'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need;  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal Love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.  
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majesty of *Eve*,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Off-spring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
 That such an Enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,

Y

And

And from the parting Angel over-heard  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fearst not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc'd;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast  
*Adam*, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof

Against

Against temptation: thou thy self with scorn  
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
If such affront I labour to avert  
From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.  
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
Access in every Virtue, in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial chuse  
With me, best witness of thy Virtue try'd.

So spake domestick *Adam* in his care  
And Matrimonial Love; but *Eve*, who thought  
Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a Foe,  
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
Single with like defence, where-ever met,  
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin: only our Foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
Sticks no dishonour on our Front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherefore shun'd or fear'd  
By us? who rather double honour gain  
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,  
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th'event  
And what is Faith, Love, Virtue unassay'd  
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
Let us not then suspect our happy State  
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
As not secure to single or combin'd,  
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently reply'd.  
O Woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand

Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
Or aught that might his happy State secure,  
Secure from outward force; within himself  
The danger lyes, yet lyes within his power:  
Against his will he can receive no harm,  
But God left free the Will, for what obeys  
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,  
But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd  
She dictate false, and misinform the Will  
To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoyns,  
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me,  
Firm we sublist, yet possible to swerve,  
Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
Some specious object by the Foe suborn'd,  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
Were better, and most likely if from me  
Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve

First thy obedience; th'other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But if thou think, trial unsought may find  
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
 Go in thy native innocence, rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind, but *Eve*  
 Persisted, yet submissive, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,  
 The willinger I go, nor much expect  
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
 Thus saying, from her Husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
*Oread* or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Train,  
 Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self  
 In gate surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as she with Bow and Quiver arm'd,

But

But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.  
 To *Pales*, or *Pomona* thus adorn'd,  
 Likeliest she seem'd, *Pomona* when she fled  
*Vertumnus*, or to *Ceres* in her prime,  
 Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.  
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated. she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*,  
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoil'd of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawn the Fiend,  
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,

And on his Quest, where likeliest he might find  
The only two of Mankind, but in them  
The whole included Race, his purpos'd prey.  
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft  
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
Their tendance of Plantation for delight,  
By Fountain or by shady Rivulet  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
*Eve* separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, *Eve* seperate he spies,  
Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spy'd, so thick the Roses bushing round  
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or speck with Gold,  
Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays  
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palm,  
The voluble and bold, now hid, now seen

Among

Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
 Imborder'd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:  
 Spot more delicious than those Gardens feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd  
*Alcinous*, host of old *Laertes* Son,  
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King  
 Held dalliance with his fair *Egyptian* Spouse.  
 Much he the Place admir'd, the Person more:  
 As one who long in populous City pent,  
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farms  
 Adjoyn'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,  
 Or Dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all Delight.  
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This Floury Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*  
 Thus early, thus alone; her Heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire

Of

Of gesture or left action overaw'd  
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;  
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported to forget  
 What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying, other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose

Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain  
 Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
 She fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
 Not terrible, though terror be in Love  
 And beauty, not approacht by stronger hate,  
 Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclos'd  
 In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*  
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising foulds, that towr'd  
 Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head  
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;  
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
 Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd

*Her-*

*Hermione* and *Cadmus*, or the God  
In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transform'd  
*Ammonian Jove*, or *Capitoline* was seen,  
He with *Olympias*, this with her who bore  
*Scipio* the heighth of *Rome*. With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought  
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Sail:  
So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train  
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,  
To lure her Eye; she busied heard the sound  
Of rustling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
To such disport before her through the Field,  
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
Than at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.  
He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bow'd  
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad

Of.

Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal Aire,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm  
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy Celestial Beauty adore  
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
Where universally admir'd; but here  
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except, (seen  
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be  
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd  
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;  
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,  
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length

Not

Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
 What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc'd  
 By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?  
 The first at least of these I thought deny'd  
 To Beasts, whom God on their Creation-Day  
 Created mute to all articulat sound;  
 The latter I demur, for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears:  
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.  
 Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,  
 Easie to me it is to tell thee all (obey'd:  
 What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be  
 I was at first as other Beasts that graze  
 The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd  
 Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:

Till

Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd  
A goodly Tree far distant to behold  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
Ruddy and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
Than smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats  
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,  
Unfuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend their play.  
To fatisfie the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd  
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,  
For high from ground the branches would require  
Thy utmost reach or *Adam's*: Round the Tree  
All other Beasts that saw, with like desire  
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
Amid the Tree now got, where plenty hung  
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.

Sated

Sated at length, e'er long I might perceive  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep  
I turn'd my Thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,  
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;  
But all that fair and good in thy Divine  
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray  
United I beheld; no Fair to thine  
Equivalent or second, which compell'd  
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd  
Sov'reign of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited fly Snake; and *Eve*  
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
The virtue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?  
For many are the Trees of God that grow  
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
To us, in such abundance lyes our choice,

As

As leaves a greater store of Fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help us to disburden Nature of her Birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad,  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long,  
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balm; if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. He leading swiftly rowl'd  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night  
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way  
 To Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:  
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud

Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,  
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
God so commanded, and left that Command  
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd.  
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit  
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit  
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eat,  
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die. (bold

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeal and Love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,

New

New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuats disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some Orator renown'd  
 In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address,  
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience e'er the tongue,  
 Sometimes in heighth began, as no delay  
 Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.  
 So standing, moving, or to heighth up grown  
 The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,  
 Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
 Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their Causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest Agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this Universe, do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not die:  
 How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life  
 To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on me,  
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate

Meant me, by ventring higher than my Lot.  
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of Death denounc'd, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead  
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:  
Your fear it self of Death removes the fear.  
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye Eat thereof, your Eyes that seem so clear,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.

So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.  
 And what are Gods that Man may not become  
 As they, participating God-like food?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;  
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd  
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
 That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lyes  
 Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
 Impart againſt his will if all be his?  
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell  
 In heav'nly breasts? theſe, theſe and many more  
 Cauſes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
 Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too eaſie entrance won:  
 Fixt on the Fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold

Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;  
 Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd  
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
 So savoury of that Fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclenable now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing Eye; yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Virtues, doubtless, best of Fruits,  
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,  
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
 Gave elocation to the mute, and taught  
 The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:  
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use,  
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want:  
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,

For-

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions bind not. But if Death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the Day we eat  
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the Serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was Death invented? or to us deny'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of Law or Penalty?  
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both Body and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket flunk  
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*  
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high  
Of Knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought.  
Greedy she ingorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating Death: Sate at length,  
And heighten'd as with Wine, jocund and boon,  
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all Trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest  
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created, but henceforth my early care,  
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all,  
Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
In Knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;  
Though

Though others envy what they cannot give;  
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd  
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
 High and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
 About him. But to *Adam* in what sort  
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power  
 Without Copartner? so to add what wants  
 In Female Sex, the more to draw his Love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior; for inferior who is free?  
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
 And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,

And

And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
*Adam* shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turn'd,  
 But first low Reverence done, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant scintial sap, deriv'd  
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorn  
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him; he the faulting measure felt;  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
 Scarce from the Tree returning; in her hand

A bough of fairest fruit that downy smil'd,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came Prologue, and Apology to prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.

Hast thou not wonder'd, *Adam*, at my stay?  
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I fought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:  
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way; but of divine effect  
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste,  
And hath been tasted such: the Serpent wise,  
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but henceforth  
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I

Have

And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
*Adam* shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turn'd,  
 But first low Reverence done, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant scintial sap, deriv'd  
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorn  
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him; he the faulting measure felt;  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
 Scarce from the Tree returning; in her hand

A bough of fairest fruit that downy smil'd,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd,  
To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
Came Prologue, and Apology to prompt,  
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.

Hast thou not wonder'd, *Adam*, at my stay?  
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence, agony of love till now  
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought,  
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:  
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Op'ning the way; but of divine effect  
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste,  
And hath been tasted such: the Serpent wise,  
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but henceforth  
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I

Have

Have also tasted, and have also found  
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,  
Dim erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon,  
Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
May joyn us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
Lest thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoyn us, and I then too late renounce  
Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit

Thus *Eve* with Count'nance blithe her story told;  
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glow'd.  
On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard  
The fatal Trespas done by *Eve*, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*  
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac'd, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?  
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! some cursed fraud  
Of Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die;  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet Converse and Love, so dearly joyn'd,  
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn?  
Should God create another *Eve*, and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd

Sub-

Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
Thus in calm mood his Words to *Eve* he turn'd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,  
And peril great provok'd, who thus hath dar'd  
Had it been only coveting to Eye  
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under bane to touch.  
But past who can recal, or done undo?  
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the Fact  
Is not so heinous now, foretasted Fruit,  
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallow'd e'er our taste;  
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man  
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attain  
Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy  
Us his prime Creatures, dignify'd so high,  
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,

For

For us created, needs with us must fail,  
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,  
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his Power  
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
Us to abolish, lest the Adversary  
Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God  
Most Favours, who can please him long; Me first  
He ruin'd, now Mankind; whom will he next?  
Matter of scorn, not to be given the Foe.  
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
Certain to undergo like doom, if Death  
Confort with thee, Death is to me as Life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The Bond of Nature draw me to my own,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
Our State cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
One Flesh; to lose thee were to lose my self.

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him reply'd.  
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high!  
Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,

*Adam,*

*Adam*, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our Union hear thee speak,  
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
Rather than Death or aught than Death more dread  
Shall separate us, linkt in Love so dear,  
To undergo with me one Guilt, one Crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion hath presented  
This happy trial of thy Love, which else  
So eminently never had been known.  
Were it I thought Death menac'd would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not persuade thee rather die  
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful Love unequal'd; but I feel  
Far otherwise th'event, not Death, but Life  
Augmented, open'd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joys,  
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.

On

On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,  
And fear of Death deliver to the Winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
In recompence (for such compliance bad  
Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
But fondly overcome with Female charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
Sky lowr'd and muttering Thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin  
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate  
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth  
Him with her lov'd society, that now  
As with new Wine intoxicated both  
They swim in mirth, and fanſie that they feel  
Divinity within them breeding wings

A a

Where-

Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false Fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire enflaming, he on *Eve*  
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burn  
 Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

*Eve*, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning favour we apply,  
 And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
 For this one Tree had been forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
 For never did thy Beauty since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous Tree

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of *Eve*, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
 Her hand he seis'd, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof embowr'd  
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,  
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
 There they their fill of Love and Loves disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the Seal,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
 Made err, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Encumber'd, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their Eyes how open'd, and their minds  
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness

And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guilty shame he cover'd, but his Robe  
 Uncover'd more : so rose the *Danite* strong  
*Herculean Sampson* from the Harlot-lap  
 Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength; They destitute and bare  
 Of all their virtue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sat, as struck'n mute,  
 Till *Adam*, though not less than *Eve* abash'd,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our Fall,  
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes  
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Purity,  
 Our wonted Ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
 And in our Faces evident the signs  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,  
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first

Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
 Will dazle now this earthly, with their blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
 To Star or Sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together fow'd,  
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
 Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsell'd he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day to *Indians* known

In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Arms  
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
 High overarch'd, and echoing Walks between;  
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heat  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing Herds  
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves  
 They gather'd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,  
 And with what skill they had, together sow'd,  
 To gird their waste, vain Covering if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
 To that first naked Glory. Such of late  
*Columbus* found th' *American* so girt  
 With feather'd Cincture, naked else and wild  
 Among the Trees on Isles and woody Shores.  
 Thus fenc'd, and as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,  
 They sate them down to weep, nor only Tears  
 Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward State of Mind, calm Region once

And

And full of Peace, now toft and turbulent;  
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
 Heard not her lore, both in fubjection now  
 To fenfual Appetite, who from beneath  
 Ufurping over Sov'reign Reason claim'd  
 Superior fway: from thus diftemper'd Breast,  
*Adam*, efrang'd in look and alter'd ftile,  
 Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renew'd. (ftay'd

Would thou hadft hearken'd to my words, and  
 With me, as I befought thee, when that ftrange  
 Defire of wandring this unhappy Morn,  
 I know not whence poffefs'd thee; we had then  
 Remain'd ftill happy, not as now, defpoil'd  
 Of all our good, fham'd, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth feek needlefs caufe to approve  
 The Faith they owe; when earneftly they feek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom foon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve*.  
 What words have paff thy Lips, *Adam* fevere,  
 Imput'ft thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandring, as thou call'ft it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thy felf perhaps: hadft thou been there,

Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeless Rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd *Adam* reply'd,  
 Is this the Love, is this the recompence  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest  
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
 Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:  
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
 It seems, in my restraint: what could I more?  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold

The

The danger, and the lurking Enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

*The End of the Ninth Book.*

Para-

---

# Paradise Lost.

---



---

## B O O K X.

---

### The ARGUMENT.

*Man's transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad*

*broad High-way or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Tract that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full of assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on their Offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.*

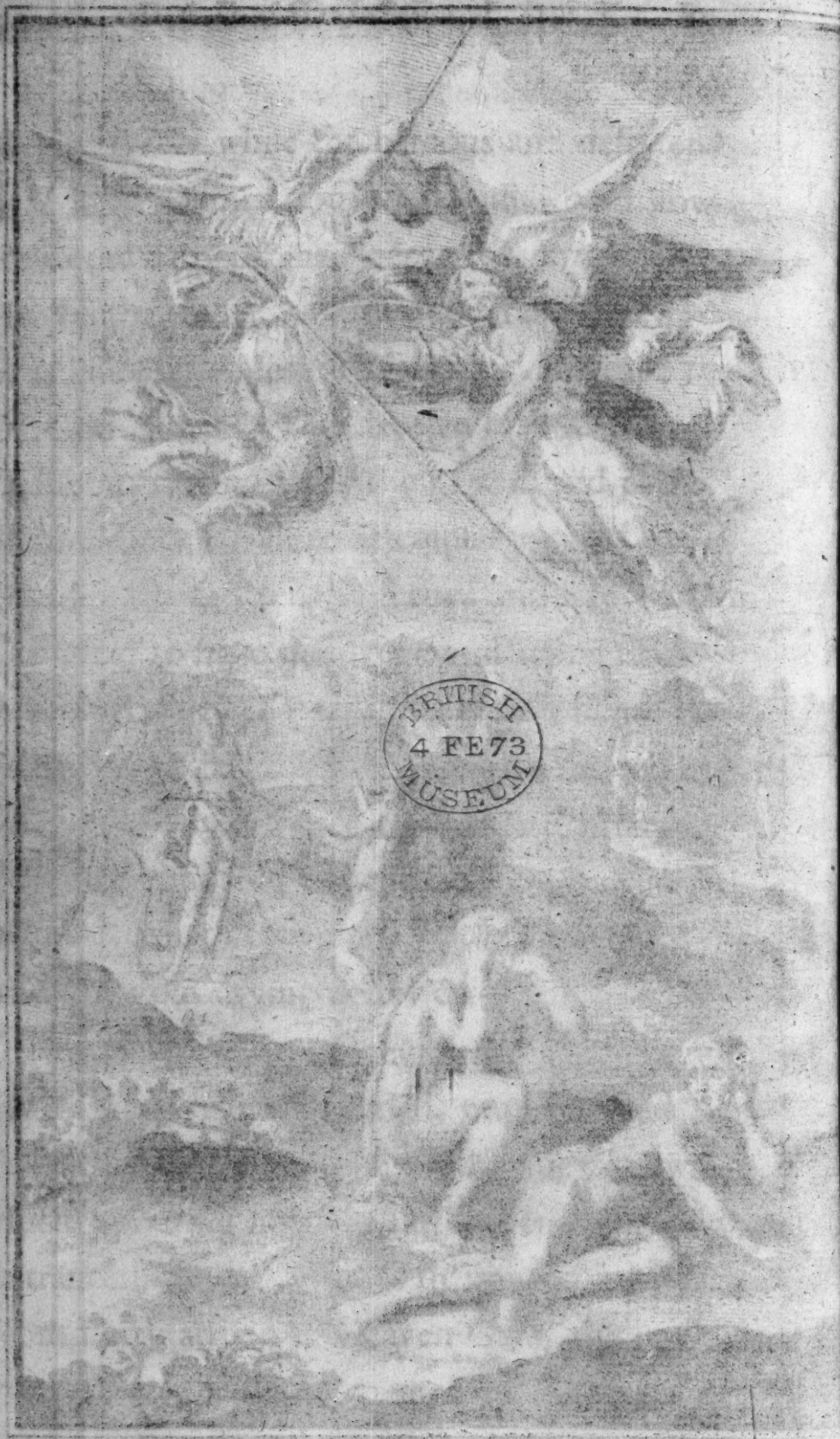
MEAN

**M**EAN while the hainous and despiteful act  
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and how  
He in the Serpent, had perverted *Eve*,  
Her Husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye  
Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart  
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the mind  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm'd,  
Compleat to have discover'd and repuls'd  
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
Incurr'd, what could they less, the Penalty,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
Th'Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondring how the suttile Fiend had stoln  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th'unwelcome news  
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd

All



H. Eland del. et fecit.



BRITISH  
4 FE 73  
MUSEUM

All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
With pity, violated not their bliss.

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
How all befel: they towards the Throne Supreme  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd; when the most High  
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc'd  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker; no Decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse

His

His free Will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass  
On his transgression Death denounc'd that day,  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance e'er day end.  
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd  
All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell,  
Easie it might be seen that I intend  
Mercy colleague with Justice sending thee  
Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfouling bright  
Toward the right hand his Glory, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
 Supream, that thou in me thy Son belov'd  
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with Mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none  
 Are to behold the Judgment, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glory: him Thrones and Powers,  
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant  
 Accompany'd to Heav'n Gate, from whence  
*Eden* and all the Coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods

Time

Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low  
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at their hour  
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The Eevning cool, when he from wrath more cool  
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both  
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds  
Brought to their Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,  
And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obvious duty e'er while appear'd unfaught:  
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.  
He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first  
To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd;  
Love was not in their looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,

Anger,

Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.

Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd, how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* sore beset reply'd.  
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my Judge, either to undergo  
 My self the total Crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint; but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.

This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
And what she did, whatever in it self,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the sov'reign Presence thus reply'd.  
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou didst resign thy Manhood, and the Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few:  
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht reply'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
 Serpent though brute, unable to transfer  
 The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his Creation; justly then accurst,  
 As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)  
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
 Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;  
 Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt go,  
 And dust shall eat all the days of thy Life.  
 Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
 Enmity, and between thine and her Seed;  
 Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verify'd  
 When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,  
 Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,  
 Prince of the Aire; 'then rising from his Grave  
 Spoil'd Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
 In open shew, and with ascension bright  
 Captivity led Captive through the Aire,  
 The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,  
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;  
 Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
 And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
 By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring  
 In sorrow forth, and to thy Husband's Will  
 Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
 Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy Wife,  
 And eaten of the Tree, concerning which  
 I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eat thereof,  
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life;  
 Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
 Unbid, and thou shalt eat th' Herb of th' Field,

In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc'd that day  
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet so now  
As Father of his Family he clad  
Their nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,  
Or as the Snake with youthful Coat repaid;  
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:  
Nor he their outward only with the Skins  
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,  
Araying cover'd from his Father's sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
Into his blisful bosom reassum'd  
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd  
All, tho' all-knowing, what had past with Man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.  
 Mean while e'er thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,  
 Within the Gates of Hell fate Sin and Death,  
 In counterview within the Gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
 Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives  
 In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides  
 For us his Off-spring dear? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him; if mishap,  
 E'er this he had return'd, with fury driv'n  
 By his Avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large  
 Beyond this Deep; whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
 With secret amity things of like kind  
 By secretest conveyance, Thou my Shade  
 Inseparable must with me along:

For

For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But lest the difficulty of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this Gulf  
Impassable, Impervious, let us try  
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path  
Over this Main from Hell to that new World  
Where Satan now prevails, a Monument  
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answer'd soon.  
Go whither Fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee, I shall not lag behind, nor err  
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The favour of Death from all things there that live:  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
By wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock

Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
Where Armies lye encampt, come flying, lur'd  
With scent of living Carcasses design'd  
For death, the following day, in bloody fight.  
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His Nostril wide into the murky Aire,  
Sagacious of his Quarry from so far.  
Then both from out Hell Gates into the waste  
Wide Anarchy of *Chaos* damp and dark  
Flew divers, and with Power (their Power was great)  
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging Sea  
Toft up and down, together crowded drove  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.  
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse  
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive  
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond *Petfora* Eastward, to the rich  
*Cathaian* Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a Trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
As *Deles* floating once; the rest his look

Bound

Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,  
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,  
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wrought on  
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge  
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall  
Immovable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeited to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
*Xerxes*, the Liberty of *Greece* to yoke,  
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high  
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*  
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd,  
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
Over the vext Abyss, following the track  
Of *Satan*, to the self same place where he  
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe  
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare  
Of this round World: with Pins of Adamant  
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And

And durable; and now in little space  
 The confines met of Empyrean Heav'n  
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
 With long reach interpos'd; three several ways  
 In sight, to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to Earth they had descry'd  
 To Paradise first tending, when behold  
*Satan* in likeness of an Angel bright  
 Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* steering  
 His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:  
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear  
 Their Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 He after *Eve* seduc'd, unminded slunk  
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape  
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
 By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her Husband, saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them terrify'd  
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
 By Night, and listening where the hapless Pair

Sate in their sad discourse, and various plaint  
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
Not instant, but of future time. With joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
And to the brink of *Chaos*, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop'd  
Met who to meet him came, his Off-spring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.  
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,  
Thou art their Author and prime Architect:  
For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,  
My Heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,  
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
Now also evidence, but straight I felt  
Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt  
That I must after thee with this thy Son,  
Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,

Nor

Nor his unvoyageable Gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
Thou hast atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impower'd  
To fortifie thus far, and overlay  
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.  
Thine now is all this World, thy virtue hath won  
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
With odds what War hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
And henceforth Monarchy with thee divide  
Of all things parted by th'Empyrean bounds,  
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad,  
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race  
Of *Satan* (for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King)  
Amplly have merited of me, of all

Th'in-

Th' infernal Empire, that so near Heav'ns door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm  
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent  
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease  
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,  
You two this way, among these numerous Orbs  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth  
Dominion exercise and in the Aire,  
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My Substitutes I send ye, and Create  
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me: on your joynt vigor now  
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.  
If your joynt power prevailes, th' affairs of Hell  
No detriment need fear, go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed  
Their course through thickest Constellations held  
Spread-

Spreading their bane; the blasted Stars lookt wan,  
 And Planets, Planet-frook, real Eclips  
 Then suffer'd. Th' other way *Satan* went down  
 The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side  
 Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaim'd,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
 That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,  
 And all about found desolate; for those  
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,  
 Flown to the upper World; the rest were all  
 Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls  
 Of *Pandæmonium*, City and proud seat  
 Of *Lucifer*, so by illusion call'd,  
 Of that bright Star to *Satan* paragond.  
 There kept their Watch the Legions, while the Grand  
 In Council fate, solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their Emperor sent, so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd.  
 As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe  
 By *Astracan* over the Snowy Plains  
 Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophy from the horns  
 Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond

The

The Realm of *Aladule*, in his retreat  
To *Taurus* or *Casbeen*. So these the late  
Heav'n-banish't Host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark League, reduc'd in careful Watch  
Round their Metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
Of Foreign Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt  
In shew Plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, past; and from the door  
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible  
Ascended his high Throne, which under state  
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:  
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head  
And shape Star bright appear'd, or brighter, clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd  
At that sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng  
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld.  
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was th' acclame:  
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
Rais'd from their Dark *Divan*, and with like joy

Con-

Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention won. (wers,

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Po.

For in possession such, not only of right,

I call ye and declare ye now, return'd

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth

Triumphant out of this infernal Pit

Abominable, accurs'd, the House of woe,

And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,

As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven

Little inferiour, by my adventure hard

With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell

What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain

Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep

Of horrible confusion, over which

By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd

To expedite your glorious march; but I

Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride

Th'untractable Abyss, plung'd in the womb

Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wild,

That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd

My journey strange, with clamorous uproar

Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found

The

The new created World, which fame in Heav'n  
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happy: Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
From his Creator, and the more t' increase  
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
Both his beloved Man and all his World,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Me not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
A World who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full bliss.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his ear, when contrary he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long  
 Had leisure, wondring at himself now more;  
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His Arms clung to his Ribs, his Legs entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power  
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,  
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories  
 To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters head and tail,  
 Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,  
*Cerastes* horn'd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,  
 And *Dipsas* (not so thick swarm'd once the Soil  
Bedropt

Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle  
*Ophiussa*) but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun  
 Ingender'd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime,  
 Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain; they all  
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout  
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In Triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief,  
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,  
 They felt themselves now changing; down their Arms,  
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame (stood  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There  
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate

Their penance, laden with Fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*  
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest Eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;  
 Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the Trees  
 Climbing, fate thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd *Megara*: greedily they pluck'd  
 The Fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
 Chew'd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drug'd as oft,  
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws  
 With foot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst.      (plagu'd  
 Thus were they  
 And

And worn with Famine, long and ceaseless his,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days.
 To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduc'd.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd
 *Ophion* with *Eurynome*, the wide
 Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
 And *Ops*, e'er yet *Diæon Jove* was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,
 What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have fate watch,
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answer'd soon.  
 To me, who with eternal Famine pine,  
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n,  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus reply'd.  
 Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours  
 Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,  
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
 The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,  
 Till I in Man residing through the Race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them severall ways,  
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,  
 From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
 To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
 To waste and havoc yonder World, which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still

Kept

Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wasteful Furies, who impute  
Folly to me, so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his Adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which man's polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling  
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last  
Through *Chaos* hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jaws.  
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure  
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:  
Till then the Curse pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud  
Sung *Halleluja*, as the sound of Seas,  
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;  
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,  
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song,  
While the Creator calling forth by name  
His mighty Angels gave them several charge,  
As sort'd best with present things. The Sun  
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
Scarce tollerable; and from the North to call  
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring  
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moon  
Her Office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
Their Planetary motions and aspects.  
In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*  
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
In Synod unbenign, and taught the fixt  
Their influence malignant when to showre,  
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,

Should

Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set  
Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to roll  
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.

Some say he bid his Angels turn ascanse  
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the Centric Globe: Some say the Sun  
Was bid turn Reins from th' Equinoctial Rode  
Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n  
*Atlantick* Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins  
Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amain  
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,  
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change  
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring  
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,  
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those  
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day  
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun  
To recompence his distance, in their sight  
Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known  
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow  
From cold *Estotiland*, and South as far

Beneath

Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit  
The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd  
His course intended; else how had the World  
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,  
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
Like change on Sea and Land, fideral blast,  
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North  
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar  
Bursting their brazen Dungeon, arm'd with ice  
And snow and haile and stormy gust and flaw,  
*Boreas* and *Cacias* and *Argestes* loud  
And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn;  
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South  
*Notus* and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds  
From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce  
Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Winds  
*Eurus* and *Zephir* with their lateral noise,  
*Sirocco*, and *Libecchio*. Thus began  
Outrage from lifeless things, but Discord first  
Daughter of Sin, among th'irrational,  
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:

Beast

Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle,  
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,  
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without  
 The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburd'n fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious World, and me so late  
 The Glory of that Glory, who now become  
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness: yet well, if here would end  
 The misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*,  
 Now death to hear! for what can I encrease  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?

Who

Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,  
For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks  
Shall be the execration; so besides  
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,  
On me as on their natural center light  
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joyes  
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden? as my Will  
Concur'd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign, and render back  
All I receiv'd, unable to perform  
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I fought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,

I thus contest; then should have been refus'd  
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son  
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I fought it not:  
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
But Natural necessity begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.  
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
O welcome hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mockt with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my Mother's lap? there I should rest

And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
 To me and to my off-spring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
 Lest that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man  
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
 Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
 And sin? the Body properly had neither.  
 All of me then shall die: let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,  
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?  
 Can he make deathless Death? that were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held, as Argument  
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,

For

For angers sake, finite to infinite  
In punish'd man, to fatisfie his rigour  
Satisfy'd never; that were to extend  
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,  
By which all Causes else according still  
To the reception of their matter act,  
Not to th' extent of their own Sphear. But say  
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,  
Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
From this day onward, which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear  
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution  
On my defenceless head; both Death and I  
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in me all  
Posterity stands curst! Fair Patrimony  
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!  
So disinherited how would ye bless  
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
But

But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes  
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden heavier than the Earth to bear  
 Than all the World much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st  
 And what thou fearst, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To *Satan* only like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still Night, not now, as e'er man fell,  
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Aire

Ac-

Accompany'd, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil Conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: on the Ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
 The day of his Offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice Divine not hasten to be just?  
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bow'rs,  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other Song.  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,  
 Desolate where she fate, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best  
 Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false  
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew

D d

Thy

Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended  
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
And wandring vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening  
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a shew  
Rather than solid virtue, all but a Rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
with Spirits Masculine, create at last  
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
With Men as Angels without Feminine,

Or

Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on Earth through Female snares,  
 And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse, or if she love, with-held  
 By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and Wedlock-bound  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human Life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*  
 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and imbracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,

Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
 Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
 On me already lost, me than thy self  
 More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou  
 Against God only, I against God and thee,  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all  
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
 Me me only just Object of his Ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,  
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wrought

Commiseration; soon his heart relented  
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
 His Counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid;  
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before  
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
 The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
 His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If Prayers  
 Could alter high Decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailty and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
 To me committed and by me expos'd.  
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
 In offices of Love, how we may light'n  
 Each others burthen, in our share of woe;  
 Since this days Death denounc'd, if ought I see,

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,  
 A long days dying to augment our pain,  
 And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, reply'd.  
*Adam*, by sad experiment I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can find,  
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,  
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
 Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart  
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,  
 Tending to some relief of our extreams,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
 By Death at last, and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten, and of our Loins to bring  
 Into this cursed World a woful Race,  
 That after wretched Life must be at last

Food for so foul a Monster, in thy power  
It lies, yet e'er Conception to prevent  
The Race unblest; to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, Childless remain :  
So Death shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two  
Be forc'd to satisfy his Rav'nous Maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From Love's due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be misery  
And torment less than none of what we dread.  
Than both our selves and Seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply  
With our own hands his Office on our selves;  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest chusing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts

Had entertain'd, as dy'd her Cheeks with pale.  
But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* reply'd.

*Eve*, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;  
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet Death, as utmost end  
Of misery, so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so  
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest Death  
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the highest  
To make Death in us live: Then let us seek  
Some safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise

The

The Serpent's head; piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
*Satan*, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
By Death brought on our selves, or Childless days  
Resolv'd as thou propos'st; so our Foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mentioned then of violence  
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness  
That cuts us off from hope, and favours only  
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
Without wrath or reviling; we expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee  
Pains only in Child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompenc'd with joy,  
Fruit of thy Womb: On me the Curse aslope  
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earn

My

My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;  
My labour will sustain me; and lest Cold  
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbefought provided, and his hands  
Cloath'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th'inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
Which now the Sky with various Face begins  
To shew us in the Mountain, while the Winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek  
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
Our Limbs benumm'd, e'er this diurnal Star  
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams  
Reflected, may with matter seer foment,  
Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
The Aire attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
Juffling or pusht with Winds rude in their shock  
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n  
Kindles the gummy bark of Fir or Pine, (down  
And sends a comfortable heat from far,

Which

Which might supply the Sun: such Fire to use,  
And what may else be remedy or cure  
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
He will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
By him with many comforts, till we end  
In dust, our final rest and native home.

What better can we doe, than to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
Before him reverent, and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Aire  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.  
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
From his displeasure; in whose look serene  
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shon?

So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*  
Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confess'd

Humbly

Humbly their faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the Aire  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

---

*The End of the Tenth Book.*

---





# Paradise Lost.

## B O O K XI.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that They must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.*

THUS

**T**HUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
Praying, for from the Mercy-seat above  
Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
Than loudest Oratory: yet their port  
Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
Seem'd their Petition, than when th' ancient Pair  
In Fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
*Deucalion* and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore  
The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine  
Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n their prayers  
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
Dimensionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad  
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's Throne: Them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See,

See, Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt  
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
Of Paradise could have produc'd, e'er fall'n  
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
Interpret for him, me his Advocate  
And propitiation, all his works on me  
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those  
Shall perfect, and for these my Death shall pay.  
Accept me, and in me from these receive  
The smell of peace toward Mankind, let him live  
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
Number'd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
To better life shall yield him, where with me  
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.  
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
 Those pure immortal Elements that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,  
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first  
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
 Created him endow'd, with Happiness  
 And immortality: that fondly lost,  
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe;  
 Till I provided Death; so Death becomes  
 His final remedy, and after Life  
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
 By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,  
 Wak'd in the renovation of the just,  
 Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.  
 But let us call to Synod all the Blest

Through

Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not  
 My judgements, how with Mankind I proceed, (hide  
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw;  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright Minister that watch'd, he blew  
 His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general Doom. Th'Angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the Regions: from their blissful Bow'rs  
 Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,  
 By the waters of Life, where-e'er they fate  
 In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light  
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,  
 And took their Seats; till from his Throne supream  
 Th'Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
 Good by it self, and Evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,

E c

My

My motions in him, longer than they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain  
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till  
 The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

*Michael*, this my behest have thou in charge,  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming Warriors, lest the Fiend  
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession some new trouble raise:  
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,  
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce  
 To them and to their Progeny from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint  
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
 For I behold them soften'd and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal

To *Adam* what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
 My Cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the East side of the Garden place,  
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame  
 Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To Spirits foul, and all my Trees their prey,  
 With those stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Pow'r prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
 Had, like a double *Janus*, all their shape  
 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful than to drouze,  
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Past'ral Reed  
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiat Rod. Mean while  
 To resalute the World with sacred Light  
*Leucothea* wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd  
 The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*.

Had ended now their Orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linkt;  
 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renew'd.

*Eve*, easily may Faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;  
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, up-born  
 Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I saught  
 By Prayer th' offended Deity to appease,  
 Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd  
 Home to my Breast, and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe,  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Hail to thee,  
*Eve* rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,

Mother

Book XI. *PARADISE LOST*. 421

Mother of all things living, since by thee  
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.  
Ill worthy I such title should belong  
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd  
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach  
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac'd  
The source of life; next favourable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
Far other name deserving. But the Field  
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,  
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where-e'er our days work lyes, though now enjoin'd  
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walks?  
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate  
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, imprest

On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight  
 The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aiery tour,  
 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:  
 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,  
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the Forest, Hart and Hinde;  
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent their flight.  
*Adam* observ'd, and with his Eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.

O *Eve*, some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death releas'd  
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return and be no more.  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Aire and o'er the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East  
 Darkness e'er Days mid-course, and Morning light  
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws

O'er

O'er the blew Firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands  
Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,

A glorious Apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adam's* eye.

Nor that more glorious, when the Angels met  
*Jacob* in *Mahanaim*, where he saw

The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;

Nor that which on the flaming Mount appear'd

In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,

Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize

One Man, Assassine like, had levied War,

War unproclaim'd. The Princely Hierarch

In their bright stand, there left his Pow'rs to seise

Possession of the Garden; he alone,

To find where *Adam* shelter'd, took his way,

Not unperceiv'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,

While the great Visitant approach'd, thus spake.

*Eve*, now expect great tidings, which perhaps

Of us will soon determine, or impose

New Laws to be observ'd; for I descry

From yonder Blazing Cloud that veils the Hill  
 One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate  
 None of the meanest, some great Potentate  
 Or of the Thrones above, such Majesty  
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not t' offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.  
 He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man  
 Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms  
 A military Vest of purple flow'd  
 Livelier than *Melibæan*, or the grain  
 Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Heroes old  
 In time of truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;  
 His starry Helm unbuckl'd shew'd him prime  
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side  
 As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword;  
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.  
*Adam* bow'd low, he Kingly from his State  
 Inclind not, but his coming thus declar'd,

*Adam,*

*Adam*, Heav'n's high behest no Preface needs:  
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his leisure many days  
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou mayst repent,  
 And one bad Act with many Deeds well done  
 Mayst cover; well may then thy Lord appeas'd  
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soil.

He added not, for *Adam* at the news  
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound; *Eve*, who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee, Native Soile, these happy Walks and Shades,  
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,

That

That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave you Names,  
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank  
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower World, to this obscure  
And wild, how shall we breathe in other Aire  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.  
Lament not, *Eve*, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;  
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes  
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

*Adam* by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem  
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou told  
Thy Message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
Inhospitable appear and desolate,  
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
But prayer against his absolute Decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
Presence

Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;  
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree  
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice  
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:  
So many grateful Altars I would rear  
Of grassie Turfe, and pile up every Stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
Or monument to Ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet smelling Gums and Fruits and Flow'rs;  
In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?  
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
To life prolong'd and promis'd Race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benign.  
*Adam*, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth.  
Not this Rock only; his Omnipresence fills  
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kind that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:  
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift; surmise not then  
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd

Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been  
Perhaps thy Capital Seat, from whence had spread  
All generations, and had thither come  
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee their great Progenitor.  
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on even ground now with thy Sons:  
Yet doubt not but in Valley and in plain  
God is as here, and will be found alike  
Present, and of his presence many a sign  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face  
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.  
Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd  
E'er thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
To shew thee what shall come in future days  
To thee and to thy Off-spring; good with bad  
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending  
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd  
By moderation either state to bear,  
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead

safest

Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)  
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou sleep'dst, while She to life was form'd.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully reply'd.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chast'ning, to the evil turn  
 My obvious brest, arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the Visions of God: It was a Hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The Hemisphere of Earth in clearest Ken  
 Stretcht out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,  
 To shew him all Earths Kingdoms and their Glory.  
 His Eye might there command whatever stood  
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat  
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destin'd Walls

Of

Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*  
And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,  
To *Paquin* of *Sinean* Kings, and thence  
To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*  
Down to the golden *Chersonefe*, or where  
The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* fate, or since  
In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*  
In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,  
*Turchestan*-born; nor could his eye not ken  
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port  
*Ercoco* and the less *Maritim* Kings  
*Mombaza*, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,  
And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realm  
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* farthest South;  
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount  
The Kingdoms of *Almansor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,  
*Morocco* and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;  
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway  
The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Montezume*,  
And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat  
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd  
*Guiana*, whose great City *Geryons* Sons

Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler fights  
*Michael* from *Adam's* eyes the Filme remov'd  
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer fight  
 Had bred; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue  
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental fight,  
 That *Adam* now inforc'd to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranc'd:  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

*Adam*, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves  
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;  
 I' th' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood  
 Rustic, of grassie ford; thither anon

A sweaty Reaper from his Tillage brought  
 First Fruits, the green Ear, and the yellow Sheaf,  
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next  
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock  
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
 The Inwards and their Fat, with Incense strew'd,  
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.  
 His Off'ring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;  
 The others not, for his was not sincere:  
 Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groan'd out his Soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
 Is Piety thus and pure Devotion paid?

T' whom *Michael* thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.  
 These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come  
 Out of thy loyns; th'unjust the just hath slain,  
 For envy that his Brother's Offering found

From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody Fact  
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd  
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause?  
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance than within.  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By Fire, Flood, Famine, by Intemperance more  
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shall bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know  
What misery th' inabstinence of *Eve*  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noysom, dark,  
A Lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid

Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies  
 Of gasty Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes  
 Of heart-sick Agony, all feavorous kinds,  
 Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,  
 Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,  
 Dæmoniac Phrenzy, moaping Melancholy  
 And Moon-struck madness, pining Atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair  
 Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;  
 And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long  
 Dry-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,  
 Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd  
 His best of Man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n

To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 Th' Image of God in man created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
 Retaining still Divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's Image sake exempt?

Their Maker's Image, answer'd *Michael*, then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilifi'd  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
 His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd  
 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they  
 God's Image did not reverence in themselves,

I yield it just, said *Adam*, and submit.

But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe  
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, no gluttonous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return:  
So mayst thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop  
Into thy Mother's lap, or be with ease  
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for Death mature:  
This is old Age; but then thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
To wither'd, weak and gray; thy Senses then  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo,  
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth  
Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign  
A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
To weigh thy Spirits down, and last consume  
The Balm of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong  
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendring up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. *Michael* reply'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:  
And now prepare thee for another fight.

He look'd and saw a spacious Plain, whereon  
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds  
Of Cattle grazing: others, whence the sound  
Of Instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who mov'd  
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Fled and persu'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
In other part stood one who at the Forge  
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass  
Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted Woods on Mountain or in Vale,  
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot  
To some Caves mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
From underground) the liquid Ore he drain'd  
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd

First his own Tools; then, what might else be wrought  
 Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side a different sort  
 From the high neighbouring Hill, which was their Seat  
 Down to the Plain descended: by their guise  
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve  
 Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain  
 Long had not walk'd, when from the Tents behold  
 A Beavy of fair Women, richly gay  
 In Gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung  
 Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:  
 The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes  
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net  
 First caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;  
 And now of Love they treat till th' Evening Star  
 Lov's Harbinger appear'd; then all in heat  
 They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke  
*Hymen*, then first to marriage Rites invok'd:  
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flow'rs,

And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart  
Of *Adam*, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,  
The bent of Nature; which he thus exprest.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judge not what is best  
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
Those Tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the Tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race  
Who slew his Brother; studious they appear  
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
Yet they a beauteous Off-spring shall beget;  
For that fair female Troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Woman's domestick honour and chief praise;

Bred

Bred only and compleated to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the Eye.  
 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives  
 Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
 Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy;  
 (E'er long to swim at large) and laugh; for which  
 The world e'erlong a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.  
 O pity and shame, that they who to live well  
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
 But still I see the tenour of Man's woe  
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
 Said th'Angel, who should better hold his place  
 By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.  
 But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He look'd and saw wide Territory spread  
 Before him, Towns, and Rural works between,  
 Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Tow'rs,

Con-

Concourse in Arms, fierce Faces threatning War,  
Giants of mighty Bone, and bold emprise;  
Part weild their Arms, part curb the foaming Steed,  
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd  
Both Horfe and Foot, nor idly mustring stood;  
One way a Band select from forage drives  
A Herd of Beeves, fair Oxen and fair Kine  
From a fat Meadow ground; or fleecy Flock,  
Ewes and their bleating Lambs over the Plain  
Their Booty; scarce with Life the Shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody Fray;  
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons join;  
Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lyes  
With Carcasses and Arms th'ensanguin'd Field  
Deserted: Others to a City strong  
Lay Siege, encamp'd; by Battery, Scale, and Mine,  
Assaulting: others from the wall defend  
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulph'rous Fire;  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other part the scepter'd Heralds call  
To Council in the City Gates: anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriors mix'd,  
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon

In

In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of Right and wrong,  
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,  
 And Judgement from above: him old and young  
 Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a Cloud descending snatching him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng; so violence  
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law  
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.  
*Adam* was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these,  
 Death's Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
 His Brother: for of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their Brethren, men of men?  
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n  
 Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness been lost?

To whom thus *Michael*. These are the product  
 Of those ill mated marriages thou saw'st: (selves  
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of them-  
 Abhor to joyn: and by imprudence mix'd,

Pro-

Produce prodigious Birth of Body or Mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;  
For in those days Might only shall be admir'd,  
And Valour and Heroic Virtue call'd;  
To overcome in Battel, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human Glory, and for Glory done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerors,  
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.  
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But he the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
The only righteous in a World perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With Foes for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious Truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High  
Rapt in a balmy Cloud with winged Steeds  
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God  
High in Salvation and the Climes of blifs,  
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward

Awaits

Awaits the good, the rest what punishment?  
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.  
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd,  
 The brazen Throat of War had ceas'd to roar,  
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
 Marrying or prostituting, as befel,  
 Rape or Adultery, where passing fair  
 Allur'd them; thence from Cups to civil Broils.  
 At length a Reverend Sire among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declar'd,  
 And testify'd against their ways; he oft  
 Frequented their Assemblies, whereso met,  
 Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls  
 In Prison under Judgements imminent:  
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd  
 Contending, and remov'd his Tents far off;  
 Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,  
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,  
 Measur'd by Cubit, length, and breadth, and heighth,  
 Smear'd round with Pitch, and in the side a door  
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
 For

For Man and Beast: when lo a wonder strange!  
Of every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small  
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught  
Their order: last the Sire, and his three Sons  
With their four Wives; and God made fast the door.  
Mean while the Southwind rose, and with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove  
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supply  
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up again; and now the thicken'd Sky  
Like a dark Ceiling stood; down rush'd the Rain  
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth  
No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum  
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the Waves, all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
Deep under water roll'd; Sea cover'd Sea,  
Sea without shoar; and in their Palaces  
Where luxury late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,  
All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.  
How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold  
The end of all thy Off-spring, and so sad,

De-

Depopulation; thee another Flod,  
 Of tears and sorrow a Flood thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently rear'd  
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns  
 His Children, all in view destroy'd at once;  
 And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I  
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had born  
 My part of evil only, each days lot  
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens't  
 The burd'n of many Ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth  
 Abortive, to torment me e'er their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his Children, evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent.  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel  
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume

Wandering

Wandring that watry Desert: I had hope  
 When violence was ceas'd, and War on Earth,  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have  
 With length of happy days the race of man; (crown'd  
 But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than War to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unfould, Celestial Guide,  
 And whether here the Race of man will end.  
 To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst  
 In Triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
 Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste  
 Subduing Nations, and atchiev'd thereby  
 Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in Peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by War  
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose  
 And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of Battel found no aid  
 Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal

Thence-

Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
Worldly or dissolute, on what their Lords  
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear  
More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:  
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;  
One Man except, the only Son of light.  
In a dark Age, against example good,  
Against allurements, custom, and a World  
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
Shall them admonish, and before them set  
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
On their impenitence; and shall return  
Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
The one just Man alive; by his command  
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,  
To save himself and household from amidst  
A World devote to universal rack.  
No sooner he with them of Man and Beast  
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,  
And shelter'd round, but all the Cataracts

Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall pour  
Rain day and night, all fountains of the Deep  
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount  
Of Paradise by might of Waves be mov'd  
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
And there take root an Island salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,  
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,  
Driv'n by a keen North-wind, that blowing dry  
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decay'd;  
And the clear Sun on his wide watry Glass  
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,  
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole

With

With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
 His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.  
 The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fixt.  
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appear;  
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive  
 Towards the retreating Sea their furious tyde.  
 Forthwith from out the Ark a Raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A Dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
 The second time returning, in his Bill  
 An Olive leaf he brings, pacific sign:  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his Ark  
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewy Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow  
 Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay,  
 Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.  
 Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad  
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent  
 As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live  
 With all the Creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole World  
 Of wicked Sons destroy'd, than I rejoyce  
 For one Man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another World  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n,  
 Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,  
 Or serve they as a flowry verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watry Cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve and show'r the Earth?

To whom th'Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his Ire,  
 Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,  
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,  
 Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,  
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
 And makes a Covenant never to destroy

The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea  
 Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World  
 With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings  
 Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set  
 His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look  
 And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,  
 Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost  
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

*The End of the Eleventh Book.*

---

# Paradise Lost.

---



---

## BOOK XII.

---

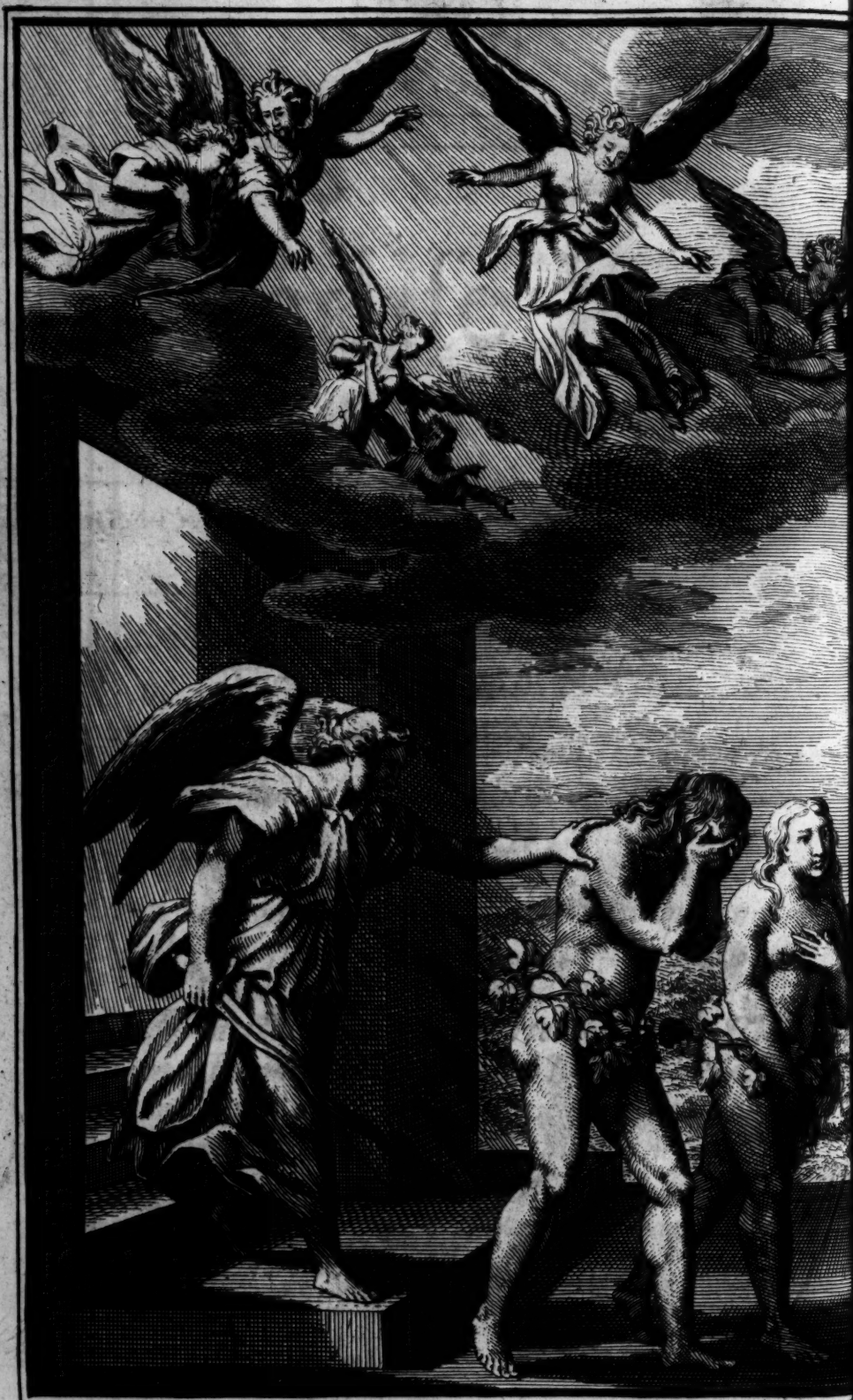
### The ARGUMENT.

*The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascention; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their Stations to guard the Place.*

AS



e-  
of  
at  
ed  
m,  
te  
m  
i-  
el;  
ut  
nd  
ds  
ng  
a-  
S



**A**S one who in his journey bates at Noon,  
 Though bent on speed, so here the Arch-angel  
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd, (paus'd  
 If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpose;  
 Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;  
 And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
 Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
 Must needs impair and weary human sense;  
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
 This second sourse of Men, while yet but few,  
 And while the dread of judgement past remains  
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
 With some regard to what is just and right  
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
 Corn wine and oyl; and from the herd or flock,  
 Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
 With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast,  
 Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell

Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,  
 Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)  
 With War and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:  
 A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
 Or from Heav'n claiming second Sov'reignty;  
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
 He with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall find  
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A City and Tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd

In

In foreign Lands their memory be lost  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their City, e'er the Tow'r  
Obstruct Heav'n Tow'rs, and in derision sets  
Upon their Tongues a various Spirit to raise  
Quite out their Native Language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:  
Forthwith a hidious gabble rises loud  
Among the Builders; each to other calls  
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
And hear the din; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd,  
O execrable Son so to aspire  
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
Authority usurpt, from God not giv'n:  
He gave us only over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
Dominion absolute; that right we hold

By

By his donation; but Man over men  
 He made not Lord; such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on Man; to God his Tow'r intends  
 Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash Army, where thin Aire  
 Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That Son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational Liberty; yet know withal,  
 Since by original lapse, true Liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right Reason dwells  
 Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being:  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart Passions catch the Government  
 From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy Powers to reign

Over

Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthal  
His outward freedom: Tyranny must be,  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.  
Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low  
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex  
Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
Their inward lost: Witness th'irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Done to his Father, heard his heavy curse,  
*Servant of Servants*, on his vitious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes, resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to their own polluted ways;  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,

Bred

Bred up in Idol-worship. O that men  
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To worship their own work in Wood and Stone  
For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafes  
To call by Vision from his Father's house,  
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
A mighty Nation, and upon him shower  
His benediction so, that in his Seed  
All Nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,  
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soil  
*Ur of Chaldaea*, passing now the Ford  
To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train  
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
*Canaan* he now attains, I see his Tents  
Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plain  
Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receives

Gift

Gift to his Progeny of all that Land;  
From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)  
From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,  
Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them; on the shoar  
Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream  
*Jordan*, true limit Eastward; but his Sons  
Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.  
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth  
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed  
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,  
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-child leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
The Grand-child with twelve Sons increast, departs  
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd  
*Egypt*, divided by the River *Nile*;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land  
He comes invited by a younger Son

In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that Realm  
 Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race  
 Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant Males:  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
*Moses* and *Aaron*) sent from God to claim  
 His people from enthralment, they return  
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd Land.  
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by Signs and Judgements dire,  
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turn'd,  
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;  
 His Cattle must of Rot and Murren die,  
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,  
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Hail,  
 Hail mixt with fire must rend th'*Egyptian* Sky  
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rolls;

What

What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Grain,  
A darksome Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of *Egypt* must lye dead. Thus with ten wounds  
The River-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea  
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass  
As on dry land between two cristall walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand  
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shoar:  
Such wondrous pow'r God to his Saint will lend,  
Though present in his Angel, who shall go  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while th'obdurat King pursues:  
All night he will pursue, but his approach

Dark-

Darkness defends between till morning Watch;  
 Then through the Fiery Pillar and the Cloud  
 God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
 And craze their Chariot wheels: when by command  
*Moses* once more his potent Rod extends  
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
 On their embattl'd ranks the Waves return,  
 And overwhelm their War: the Race elect  
 Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance  
 Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way,  
 Left entring on the *Canaanite* alarm'd  
 War terrifie them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to *Egypt*, chusing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in Arms, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great Senate chuse  
 Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd:  
 God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets found  
Ordain

Ordain them Laws; part such as appertain  
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise  
 The Serpent, by what means he shall atchieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech  
 That *Moses* might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without Mediator, whose high Office now  
*Moses* in figure bears, to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
 And all the Prophets in their Age the times  
 Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in Men  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:  
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein  
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
 The Records of his Coy'nant, over those

A Mercy-feat of Gold between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
 Seven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
 The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud  
 Shall rest by Day, a fiery gleam by Night,  
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
 Promis'd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest  
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,  
 How many Kings destroy'd, and Kingdoms won,  
 Or how the Sun shall in mid-Heav'n stand still  
 A Day entire, and Night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,  
 And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,  
 Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third  
 From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,  
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
 Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I find  
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,  
 E'er while perplex with thoughts what would become

Of me and all Mankind; but now I see  
 His day, in whom all Nations will be blest,  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth  
 So many and so various Laws are giv'n:  
 So many Laws argue so many sins  
 Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
 And therefore was Law giv'n to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against Law to fight: that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by Faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies  
 Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part

Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
 So Law appears imperfect, and but giv'n  
 With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd  
 From shadowy Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear  
 To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
 And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister  
 Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;  
 But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call,  
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell  
 The Adversary Serpent, and bring back  
 Through the World's wilderness long wander'd Man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Mean while they in their earthly *Canaan* plac'd  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
 National interrupt their publick Peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them Enemies;  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom  
 The second, both for piety renown'd

And

And puissant deeds, a Promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
 All prophecy, That of the Royal Stock  
 Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise  
 A Son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust  
 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings  
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,  
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so encense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their Land,  
 Their City, his Temple, and his holy Ark  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud City, whose high Walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.  
 There in Captivity he lets them dwell

The space of seventy years, then brings them back,  
 Remembring mercy, and his Cov'nant sworn  
 To *David*, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.  
 Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings  
 Their Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
 They first re-edifie, and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most  
 Endeavour Peace: their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seize  
 The Scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons.  
 Then lose it to a Stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King *Messiah* might be born  
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Star  
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him come,  
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire  
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh and Gold;  
 His place of Birth a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire  
 Of Squadron'd Angels hear his Carol sung.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
 The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
 The Throne hereditary, and bound his Reign  
 With Earth's wide bounds, his Glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of Words, which these he breath'd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steddier thoughts have search'd in vain;  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The Seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail,  
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son  
 Of God most High; so God with Man unites.  
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain: say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thy Enemy, nor so is overcome

*Satan*, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works  
 In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
 So only can high Justice rest appaid.  
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfil  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfil the Law; thy punishment  
 He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
 To a reproachful Life and cursed Death,  
 Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe  
 In his Redemption, and that his Obedience  
 Imputed, becomes theirs by Faith, his Merits  
 To save them, not their own, though legal Works.  
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd  
 A shameful and accurst, nail'd to the Cross

By

By his own Nation, slain for bringing Life;  
But to the Cross he nails thy Enemies,  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all Mankind, with him there crucify'd,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his Satisfaction; so he dies,  
But soon revives, Death over him no power  
Shall long usurp; e'er the third dawning light,  
Return, the Stars of Morn shall see him rise  
Out of his Grave, fresh as the dawning light  
Thy Ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
His death for Man, as many as offer'd Life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By Faith not void of Works: this God-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
In sin for ever lost from Life; this act  
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.  
Nor after Resurrection shall he stay  
Longer

Longer on Earth than certain times to appear  
 To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all Nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his Salvation, them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.  
 All Nations they shall teach; for from that day  
 Not only to the Sons of *Abraham's* Loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the Sons  
 Of *Abraham's* Faith where-ever through the World;  
 So in his Seed all Nations shall be blest.  
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns shall he ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the Aire  
 Over his Foes and thine; there shall surprize  
 The Serpent, Prince of Aire, and drag in Chains  
 Through all his Realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into Glory, and resume  
 His Seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all Names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,  
 When this World's Dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With

With Glory and Pow'r to judge both quick and dead,  
 To judge th'unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into Bliss,  
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of *Eden*, and far happier days.

So spake th'Arch-angel *Michael*, then paus'd,  
 As at the World's great period; and our Sire  
 Repleat with joy and wonder thus reply'd.

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce,  
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoyce  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
 To God more glory, more good will to Men  
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n  
 Must reascend, what will betide the few  
 His faithful, left among th'unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth; who then shall guide

His

His people, who defend? will they not deal  
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th'Angel; but from Heav'n  
He to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith  
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth, and also arm  
With spiritual Armour, able to resist  
*Satan's* assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
What man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompenc'd,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecuters: for the Spirit  
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the Nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous Gifts endue  
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each Nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length  
Their Ministry perform'd, and race well run,

Their

Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written Records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n  
To all Believers; and from that pretence,  
Spiritual Laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; Laws which none shall find  
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and bind  
His consort Liberty; what, but unbuild  
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,  
Their own Faith not anothers; for on Earth

Who

Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume;  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,  
 Well deem in outward Rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfy'd; Truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
 Rarely be found: so shall the World go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid  
 The Woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
*Satan* with his perverted World, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love  
 To bring forth fruits, Joy and eternal Bliss.

He

He ended; and thus *Adam* last reply'd.  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
 Measur'd this tranſient World, the Race of time,  
 Till time ſtand fixt: beyond is all Abyſs,  
 Eternity, whoſe end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this Veſſel can contain;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.  
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is beſt,  
 And love with fear the only God, to walk  
 As in his preſence, ever to obſerve  
 His providence, and on him ſole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by ſmall  
 Accompliſhing great things, by things deem'd weak  
 Subverting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe  
 By ſimply meek; that ſuffering for Truth's ſake  
 Is fortitude to higheſt victory,  
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;  
 Taught this by his example whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bleſt.

To whom thus also th'Angel last reply'd:  
 This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the sum  
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Stars  
 Thou knewst by name, and all th'ethereal Powers,  
 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
 Or works of God in Heav'n, Aire, Earth, or Sea,  
 And all the riches of this World enjoy'dst,  
 And all the rule, one Empire; only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
 Add virtue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
 By name to come call'd Charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A paradise within thee, happier far.  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of Speculation; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,  
 By me encampt on yonder Hill, expect  
 Their motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;  
 We may no longer stay: go, waken *Eve*;  
 Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd  
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd

To

To meek submission: thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her Seed to come  
 (For by the Woman's Seed) on all Mankind,  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
 With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill;  
 Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;  
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;  
 For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
 In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.

This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf't,  
 By me the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard  
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
 Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
 To their fixt Station, all in bright array  
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist  
 Ris'n from a River o'er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd  
 The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
 Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat  
 In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught  
 Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate  
 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast  
 To the subject Plain? then disappear'd  
 They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

Wav'd

Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate  
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fiery Arms:  
Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;  
The World was all before them, where to chuse  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:  
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,  
Through *Eden* took their solitary way.

*The E N D.*

---

---

---

A  
T A B L E

Of the most remarkable Parts of  
MILTON's *Paradise Lost*,

Under the Three Heads of

*Descriptions, Similies, and Speeches.*

The first Number marks the *Book*, the following the *Verse*.

DESCRIPTIONS of

**A**BDIEL. 5. 804, 896.  
*Abys*. 7. 211.

Adam. 4. 323. *his Bower*. 690. *his Prayer*. 721. 5.  
153, 350. *his deep Sleep*. 8. 452. *his Vision*. 460.  
*his Fig-breeches*. 9. 1101. *deploring his Crime*.  
10. 845.

*Amarant*. 3. 352.

*Angels Infernal*. 1. 358. *Contracted*. 776.

*Angels Celestial Singing*. 3. 365. *their Song*. 372.

*Angel in the Sun*. 622. *Guardians*. 4. 550. *Angelick Orders*. 5. 583. *their Dance*. 619. *Another Song*. 7. 187, 601, 748. 10. 641.

Arch-Firm



# The T A B L E

- Arch-Angels.* Uriel. 3. 648. Michael. 11. 240.  
*Apples of Sodom.* 10. 547.  
*Ark of Noah.* 11. 728.  
*Ashtaroth.* 1. 422.  
*Astoreth.* 1. 438. *Astronomy.* 8. 79.  
*Author's Blindness lamented, &c.* 3. 21, 32, and 45.  
*Baalim.* 1. 422. *The Balance.* 4. 997.  
*Beasts and other Creatures.* 7. 454.  
*Beelzebub.* 2. 299.  
*Behemoth.* 7. 470.  
*Belial.* 1. 490. 2. 109.  
*Bridge built over Chaos, from Hell to the new made World.* 10. 282.  
*Chaos.* 2. 406, 439, 890, 910, and 959.  
*Chemos.* 1. 406.  
*Cherubim.* 11. 127.  
*Conscience.* 3. 195. 12. 528.  
*Creation.* 2. 1027. 3. 708. 7. 192, 225. 8. 70.  
*Dragon.* 1. 458.  
*Death.* 2. 666, and 704. 11. 467. 12. 434, 571.  
*Deluge.* 11. 738.  
*Diseases.* 11. 474.  
*Devils disporting.* 2. 529, 540, &c. *Humbled.* 10. 505.  
*Earth.* 3. 722.  
*Eden.* 4. 210. 8. 302. *involved in Water.* 7. 276.  
*Green.* 313. *its motion.* 8. 128, 163.  
*Emmet.* 7. 485.  
*Evening.* 4. 352, 539, 598. 10. 92. *its Star.* 5. 166.  
*Eve.* 4. 324. *of her self.* 449, 492. 5. 379. 8. 40, 59.  
*her Creation.* 8. 470, 482. *her Virgin Virtue.* 501.  
*Marriage.* 510, 546. 9. 457.  
*Fish.* 7. 387.  
*Firmament.* 7. 261.

# The TABLE

- Founders.* 1. 700.  
*Galileos-Glass.* 5. 261.  
*God the Father.* 3. 56, 371. *Author of all things.* 5. 469. *his Throne.* 596. *his declaration of his Son.* 600. *his Courts.* 648. *his Omniscience.* 711, 1015. *Incens'd.* 6. 56. *his Chariot.* 749. *the way to his House.* 7. 576.  
*God the Son.* 3. 63. 138, 266, 383.  
*Guns and Salt-Petre.* 6. 478, 509, 516, 582.  
*Heaven and Earth.* 2. 1004, 1050. 3. 74.  
*Heaven Empyrean.* 2. 1047. *Its Gate.* 3. 501. 8. 100.  
*Heavenly Joy.* 3. 345.  
*Hell.* 1. 61, 171, 296. 2. 435. *Its Rivers.* 575. *Its frozen Quarter.* 587, 595. 618. *Its bounds.* 644. *Its broad way.* 1026. 6. 874.  
*Hypocrisie.* 3. 681. 4. 120.  
*Judgment.* 3. 323.  
*Lethe.* 2. 583, 604.  
*Leviathan.* 1. 200. 7. 410.  
*Light.* 3. 1. *The Mount of God, whence it issues.* 6. 4. 7. 243.  
*Limbo of Fools and Friars.* 3. 474.  
*Loves Charms.* 8. 521. *Reasonings thereon.* 561. *how Angels Love.* 615. *its proper hue.* 619. *Angelick.* 620.  
*Lucifer.* 7. 131. 10. 425.  
*Mammon.* 1. 678, 732, 742. *Man.* 4. 300.  
*Mankind.* 4. 288. *Created.* 7. 505.  
*Matrimony prais'd.* 4. 750.  
*Moloch.* 1. 392. 2. 43, 106.  
*Moon and her Argent Fields.* 3. 459, 726. *her Creation and the Stars.* 7. 346, 356, 375. *the World there.* 8. 140.  
*Morning.* 4. 623. 5. 1, 62. 12. 11, 133.

Night

# The TABLE

*Night Celestial.* 5. 642. 6. 406.

*Nimrod.* 12. 24.

*Orpheus.* 7. 34.

*Pandæmonium.* 1. 710.

*Paradise.* 4. 131. *its Air.* 153, 205, 214, 246. *its Gate.*

543. 5. 292. 9. 339. *its Hill.* 11. 377.

*Paradise of Fools.* 3. 444, to 497.

*Philosopher's Stone.* 3. 591.

*Plagues of Egypt.* 12. 176.

*Rainbow.* 11. 865, 879, 895.

*Raphael.* 5. 247, 269.

*Rimmon.* 1. 46.

*River of Eden.* 4. 236.

*Satan on the burning Lake.* 1. 193. *his rising thence.*

221. *his Beauty.* 591. *how defaced.* 600. *in*

*State.* 2. 1, and 509. *his flight from Hell.*

631. *his survey of this World.* 3. 562. *changed to*

*an Angel of Light.* 636. *attempting Man.* 3. 18.

*his description of himself.* 4. 38, 114. 5. 658, 706.

*in his Chariot of War.* 6. 99. *Coasting the World.*

9. 63. *manifest on his Throne.* 10. 449. *changed*

*to a mighty Serpent.* 511.

*Serpent.* 7. 495. 9. 182. *how possess'd by Satan.* 187.

*his behaviour when possess'd by him.* 434. *his*

*motion.* 496, 503. *Vocal.* 529. *moving.* 9. 631.

*Shame.* 4. 313.

*Sin.* 2. 650. *The Soul.* 5. 100.

*Spirits.* 1. 423. 6. 344.

*Stars.* 7. 364. 8. 107.

*The Sun.* 3. 571, 591. 4. 32. *its Creation.* 7. 346.

354, 359, 370. *its setting.* 8. 630.

*Sustenance.* 5. 407. *Angelical.* 426.

*Systeme Ptolemaic.* 8. 15. *Copernican.* 122.

## The TABLE

- Tears.* 5. 130.  
*Thammuz.* 1. 446.  
*Tree of Life.* 4. 218. *of Knowledge.* 220.  
*Twilight.* 9. 48.  
*Visions of Cain and Abel, or Death.* 11. 429. *of Love and Follity.* 556. *of War.* 638. *of Noah and his Ark.* 719. *of the Deluge.* 743. *of the Emerging Earth.* 840. *of Power and Ambition.* 12. 25. *of Babel.* 38. *of Abraham,* 113. *of Jacob.* 155. *of Joseph.* 160. *of Moses leading Israel thro' the Wilderness.* 190.  
*War.* 6. 207.  
*Will its Freedom.* 3. 96, to 128. 5. 520. 9. 348. 10. 9, 43. *the Winds.* 10. 695.  
*Will in the Wisp.* 9. 634.  
*Woman.* 4. 304.  
*World's outside.* 3. 418.  
*Worms and Insects.* 7. 475.

## S I M I L I E S.

- Adam sinful to shorn Sampson.* 9. 1059. *He and Eve to Deucalion and Pyrrha* 11. 12.  
*Angels to Autumnial Leaves.* 1. 301. *to scatter'd Sedge.* 304. *to Locusts.* 338. *to swarms of barbarous Nations.* 351. *to all the Hero's of Antiquity.* 573. *to blasted Pines.* 609. *to Bees.* 764. *to Pigmies or Fairy Elves.* 780, and 789. *to Stars and Drops of Dew.* 5. 745.  
*Argo.* 2. 1017.  
*Floods to Armies.* 7. 295.  
*Bellona.* 2. 922.  
*Bridge made by Sin and Death, to Xerxes bridging the Hellespont.* 10. 306.

Ca-

## The TABLE

- Carybdis. 2. 1019.  
*Cherubick motion to a mist.* 12. 626.  
 Clouds. 2. 714.  
 Comet. 2. 708.  
*Discourse to the Fruit of Palm-Tree.* 8. 210.  
*Eclipse.* 1. 596.  
*Eve to Pandora.* 4. 713. *to a Wood Nymph.* 9. 386.  
     *to Delia.* 387. *to Pales or Pomona.* 393. *to Ceres.*  
     395.  
*A Fleet at Sea.* 2. 636.  
*A Gryphon.* 2. 943.  
*Hell compared to Mount Aetna.* 1. 230.  
 Hercules. 2. 443.  
*Knowledge, its desire compared to Drowth.* 7. 66.  
*Legions Infernal, leaving desert utmost Hell, com-*  
     *pared to the wide wasting Tartar.* 10. 431.  
*Night-Hag.* 2. 662.  
*Paradise to the Sabæan odours.* 4. 159.  
*Pioneers.* 1. 675.  
*Raphael to a Phœnix.* 5. 270.  
*Sands.* 2. 903.  
*Satan's Shield to the Moon.* 1. 284. *his Spear to a*  
     *Mast.* 292. *himself to the rising Sun.* 594. *to a*  
     *Spot in it.* 3. 588. *his Mischief recoiling on him-*  
     *self.* 4. 15. *himself to a Wolf.* 183. *to a Thief.*  
     188. *to a Tyger.* 403. *to Gun-powder.* 814. *to*  
     *Teneriff.* 987. *Reeling, to a sinking Mountain.*  
     6. 195.  
*A Scout.* 3. 443.  
 Sylla. 2. 660.  
*Serpent to Will in the Wisp.* 9. 634. *to an Orator.* 670.  
*Sin and Death to two Polar Winds.* 10. 289.  
*Spears to Corn.* 4. 980.

*Sun.*

## The TABLE

*Sun.* 2. 489.

*Uriel to a shooting Star.* 4. 556.

*Vulture.* 3. 331.

*War in the Clouds.* 2. 534. 6. 311.

*Winds blustering.* 2. 284.

## S P E E C H E S.

*Abdiel's to Satan.* 5. 809, 877. *to himself.* 6. 114. *to Satan.* 131, 171.

*Adam's to Eve.* 4. 411, 610, 660. 5. 17, 95, 308. *to Raphael.* 361, 397, 461, 506, 544. *concerning the Creation.* 7. 70. 8. 5. *concerning Celestial Motion.* 15, 179. *concerning his Creation.* 8. 251. *his Reasoning.* 273. *his Dream.* 295. *to God about Solitude.* 357, 379, 412, 491. *to Raphael.* 596. *at parting.* 645. *to Eve.* 9. 227, 291, 343. *to himself.* 896. *to Eve.* 921, 1017, 1067, *deploring his sad condition.* 1080. *Angry to Eve.* 1134, 1163. *to God the Son.* 10. 116, 125. *to his distemper'd Thoughts.* 720. *to his Maker.* 743. *expostulating.* 854. *to Eve.* 867, 947, 1013. 11. 141, 193, 226. *to Michael.* 296, 370, 450, 461, 500 526, 547, 598, 628, 675, 763, 870. 12. 63, 270, 375, 469, 553.

*Beelzebub's to Satan.* 1. 128, 271. *to the Satanick Peers.* 2. 310, 391. *to his Subordinate Powers.* 5. 696.

*Belial's.* 2. 119. *to Satan.* 6. 620.

*Chaos to Satan.* 2. 988.

*Death's to Satan.* 2. 689. *to Sin.* 10. 265, 597.

*Eve's to Adam.* 4. 440, 635. *relating her Dream.* 5. 28, 321. 9. 205, 273, 323, 378. *to the Serpent.*

553,

## The T A B L E

- 553, 615, 647, 659. *to the forbidden Tree.* 745, 795. *to Adam* 856, 961, 1144. *to God the Son.* 10. 160. *to Adam Angry.* 914, 966. 11. 163. *her lament.* 268. 12. 610.
- Gabriel's *to Uriel.* 4. 576. *to Uzziel.* 782. *to Ithuriel and Zephon.* 788. *to his Guards.* 866. *to Satan.* 878, 904, 947, 1006.
- God the Father *to his Son.* 3. 80, 167, 274. *to Raphael.* 5. 224. *to his Son.* 719. *to Abdiel.* 6. 29. *to Adam.* 8. 316, 338, 6. 780. 7. 139, 519, 369, 398, 437. *to the Angels return'd from Paradise.* 10. 34. *to his Son.* 55. *to his Saints.* 616. *to his Son interceding for lost Man.* 11. 46, 84. *to Michael.* 99.
- God the Son *to his Father.* 3. 144, 227, 5. 733. 6. 723. *to his Saints.* 801. *to his Father.* 10. 68. *to Adam.* 103, 119, 145. *to Eve.* 193. *to Adam.* 198. *Presenting Adam and Eve's Penitent Prayer.* 11. 22.
- Ithuriel's *to Satan.* 4. 823.
- Mammon's. 2. 229.
- Michael's *to Satan.* 6. 262. *to Adam.* 11, 251, 335, 423, 454, 466, 515, 530, 552, 603, 634, 683, 787, 884. 12. 6, 80, 285, 386, 485, 575. *to Eve.* 287.
- Moloch's. 2. 51.
- Nisroc *to Satan.* 6. 451.
- Raphael's *to Adam.* 5. 371. *to Eve.* 388. *to Adam.* 469, 519, 563. 6. 501. 7. 111, 524. 8. 66, 217, 561, 620. *his Advice.* 633.
- Satan's *to Beelzebub.* 1. 84, 157, 242. *to his Legions.* 315, 622. *on his Throne.* 2. 11. *going to discover the new Created World,* 431. *to Death.*

## The TABLE

*Death.* 681. *to Sin.* 2. 737, 817. 10. 384. *to the Powers of the Abyss.* 2. 968. *to Uriel.* 3. 654. *to the new discover'd Sun.* 4. 32. *on sight of our first Parents.* 4. 358, 505. *to Ithuriel.* 827. *to Gabriel.* 886, 925, 970. *to Beelzebub.* 5. 673. *to his Peers.* 772. *to Abdiel.* 853. 6. 150. *to Michael.* 281. *to his Legions.* 418. *to Nisroc.* 470. *his taunting Speech.* 558, 609. *on the new discover'd World.* 9. 100. *to his relentless Thoughts.* 126, 473. *to the Infernal Peers.* 10. 460.  
*Serpent's to Eve.* 9. 532, 558, 625, 656. *to the Tree of Knowledge, &c.* 9. 679.  
*Sin's to Satan.* 2. 727, 746, 850. *to Death.* 10. 235, 591, 603.  
*Satan.* 10. 354.  
*Urania Invoked.* 7. 1.  
*Uriel's to Satan.* 3. 694. *to Gabriel.* 4. 561.  
*Zephon.* 4. 835.  
*Zophiel.* 6. 535.



F I N I S.

he  
to  
our  
Ga-  
his  
ael.  
un-  
ld.  
to

the

10.